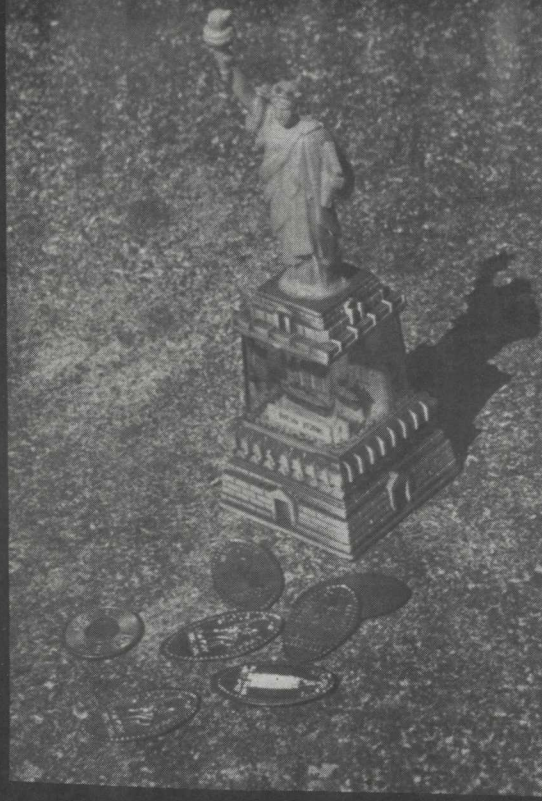


DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITRIM 102

AUGUST 1990 FREE



frank chickens

shuffle demons

New York

blue aeroplanes

CiTR
101.9 FM PRESENTS



ZIGGY MARLEY

AND THE MELODY MAKERS

with special guests *The Family Stand*

THURSDAY AUGUST 30

doors 8pm • showtime 10pm

86 ST. MUSIC HALL



tickets: all **TICKETMASTER**
outlets as well as Zulu, Track, Highlife,
Black Swan Records and Barret
Electronics or charge by phone
280-4444

ON SALE NOW

Produced by Perryscope



DISORDER

CONTENTS

AUGUST • 1990 Issue #91

IRREGULARS

HARDCORE SCHMOOZING

Len Morgan shakes hands at the NMS..... 7

INSPIRAL CARPETS

Greg Garlick hovers the Manchester landscape..... 9

FRANK CHICKENS

James Boldt and Peter Sickert bathe in the glory of excess raughter..... 10

SWAGGER

The Blue Aeroplanes caught on the edge of mega-stardom by Pete Lutwyche..... 13

SHUFFLE DEMONS

Demon Tommy Paley chats with the fellas over greasy burgers..... 14

MY FAMOUS MISTAKES

The story of a legendary band - by J.B. Hohm..... 18

BETTY 'N' ME

Nardwuar gets tied up at Canada Customs..... 20

REGULARS

AIRHEAD

Remember: high power=popularity=mainstream=bad..... 5

REAL LIVE ACTION

Dead Milkmen, Caterwaul, Robyn Hitchcock and more..... 16

UNDER REVIEW

We listen to 'em, we write about 'em, you read 'em. Simple..... 17

LOCAL MOTION

Let's get Janis - she listens to everything!!..... 19

COMIX ARE ALL I READ

The last installment from Leigh R. Wolf..... 20

ON THE DIAL

It's like TV Guide, but it's for radio..... 22

SPINLIST

New names but it's the same. Sort of..... 22

DISORDER DATEBOOK

What's on, what's hot, what's hip and what isn't..... 24

HELL'S KITCHEN

Viola samples the victuals of college educated motherfuckers..... 26

COMICS

DANCING ON THE CLOUDS

Marc Yuill and Julian Lawrence..... 21

BORDUM

Bryce Rasmussen..... 25

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

EDITOR K. Michael Smith ART DIRECTOR Geoff Costes DISORDERLY ORDERLY BILL Baker EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS Chris Buchanan, Viola Funk, Lisa Marr, Lydia Schymansky PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS Lisa Lurman, Lydia Schymansky WRITERS James Boldt, Viola Funk, Greg Garlick, Brian Holm, Peter Lutwyche, Janie McKenzie, Len Morgan, John Ruskin, Peter Sickert, Leigh Wolf PHOTOGRAPHERS Robynn Iwata, Leonard Whistler GRAPHICS Geoff Costes, Audra Neal WORD PROCESSING Randy Iwata COVER PHOTO Robynn Iwata SPINLIST Randy Iwata, Lloyd Ullana ADVERTISING Lloyd Ullana ADVERTISING PRODUCTION Bill Baker LOCAL DISTRIBUTION Matt Staffish SUBSCRIPTIONS/MAIL DISTRIBUTION Lydia Schymansky PROGRAM GUIDE/DATEBOOK/DELIVERY FRIEND Randy Iwata ACCOUNTS Linda Scholten TECHNICAL SUPPORT Sue Ahn, Ted Aussem PUBLISHER Barbara Egwood

DISORDER Copyright © 1990 by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All Rights Reserved. Disorder is that Magazine from CTR 641 100 and is published twelve times a year by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. Disorder is printed in Canada on paper manufactured in Canada. Disorder prints what it wants to, including the CTR On the Dial program guide and the CTR Spinalist playlist chart. Circulation is 17500 copies distributed free of charge to over 200 locations. Twelve-month subscriptions are \$15 in Canada, \$15 (US) to the US, and \$24 elsewhere. Please make cheques or money orders payable to Disorder Magazine. "Nomenclature of an assassination club" - W.Torbert. Deadline for ads and submissions is the 15th of the month. Talk to us - we want your stuff! If we like it, we'll use it. If not, we'll love it.

CTR 161.9 FM is 1800 watts of stereophonic bliss on cable FM from UBC to Langley, Squamish to Point Roberts, but not on Shaw Cable in White Rock (if you want it, you'll find a way). CTR is now available on most clock radios and in cars too. Office hours for Disorder, CTR, and CTR Mobile Sound Rental are Mon-Fri, 10am-4pm (please avoid Friday afternoons). Call the CTR/Disorder Office at 228-3017 for editorial, advertising, and circulation enquiries. CTR NewsSports at 222-2467, or the CTR/DJ line at 228-CTTR. Write to us at 6138 51st Blvd Vancouver BC V6T 2A5.

MONDAY
highball night
TUESDAY
classix night
WEDNESDAY
with dj slick
no cover
THURSDAY
with dj david hawkes
no cover
FRIDAY
industrial hell
with dj david hawkes
SATURDAY
dub hell with dj george mania
SUNDAY 8-12
big drink specials



HYPNOSIS



Psycho-Acoustics.

"They cut out your brain!"



TEL
685
3200
3200

228
SEV
HOUR

Deborah Harry

Ramones

Jerry Harrison

99.3 Fox

ON SALE NOW

Tom Tom Club

Escape From New York Tour

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17 7 PM

EXHIBITION BOWL

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL **FOUR** OUTLETS
OR CHARGE BY PHONE. **280-6664**

TICKET PRICE INCLUDES ADMISSION INTO THE FAIRGROUNDS.

A PERRYSCORE PRODUCTION

AN INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL NETWORK

- ADELAIDE (AUSTRALIA)
- HONG KONG • SWANSEA (WALES) • EDINBURGH (SCOTLAND) • TORONTO
- WINNIPEG • SASKATOON
- EDMONTON
- VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

The first Fringe Festival in 1947 was the spontaneous - and successful - reaction of 8 theatre groups after being turned away from the Edinburgh Festival due to lack of space. Undaunted, they decided to stay and stage their productions around the periphery or "fringe" of the Edinburgh Festival. These productions on the "fringe" drew strong audiences and proved that there was a demand for innovative, young theatre, for choice and risk-taking. Now in its 5th decade, a growing network of Fringe Festivals unite artists and audiences across the globe.

The historic Mount Pleasant area will once again host this 11 day festival of fun and excitement. Now in its planning stages, this year's festival looks like a winner! We are extremely excited about the programming which includes performing groups from all around the world and great mixture of classic and contemporary productions... there is truly something for everyone at the Fringe!

THE FRINGE FESTIVAL PROGRAM GUIDE

The program guide is the official program for the Fringe Festival. It contains all pertinent information on the festival, the venues and the performances. The guide contains an up to date schedule of the shows listing times, dates, and the location of each show. There is also a brief description of each show including the author, director, actors, length of show and rating. The guide also gives information on locations of venues, ticket information, info, centres, merchandise, the outdoor site, the cafes and the Fringe Club. Throughout the guide are advertisements from the theatre companies advertising their shows. There is also a great opportunity for retail advertisers to reach the Fringe audience through display ads in the program guide. Rates are reasonable, and with a distribution of 100,000 copies, your message is sure to reach a wide cross-section of people.

FESTIVAL '90

MAGIC IN THE MAKING

September 6 to 16

Look for the Fringe Festival Program Guide in your August 19 Vancouver Courier, or at any 7-11 store in Greater Vancouver, after August 19.

FRINGE FRINGE FRINGE

ODYSSEY IMPORTS

VANCOUVERS ALTERNATIVE RECORD STORE

DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER

534 Seymour St.

669-6644

THE FUTURE IS NOW

RECORDS • CD'S • CASSETTES

RAP • REGGAE • POP • HOUSE • JAZZ • SOUL • ROCK • BLUES

หยา
AIRHEAD
c/o 6138 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5



หยา
หยา

BRAVE MISSION

Dear Airhead,

We are highly insulted. We, the children of the first wave of post punk, commonly known as Goths, now hold you, your reporters and your publication in contempt. How dare you insult The Mission (June issue) and

what they stand for and believe in and in turn us for we are one in the same with them, sharing their beliefs, etc.

The music they create reflects our emotions and anguish.

We're sorry, we forget that today all you posters no longer find the

human experience such as joy, outrage, hope, love, jealousy, fear, dreams, loneliness, and doubt fashionable. The majesty, elegance and subtle grace of the art has been spoiled by specifics.

But we do take heart in knowing that you and your audience are all pretenders to the throne, simple want to bes. You'll change with the direction of the wind, Flavour of the Month Club. Because you lack substance in your life that's why you listen to trash and insult honest and integrity filled music.

We shudder to think that the monumental works of Joy Division, The Cure, Bauhaus and such uninfluential bands as Skinny Puppy, Alien Sex Fiend, Psyche, Killing Joke, Teardrops Explode and even The Damned have come to naught.

We find this music (even if it is six to ten years old) as haunting and moving as when we first heard it on Brave New

Waves.

Mainly because we true children of post punk don't abandon what we love for the sake of looking cool for an endearing second of time.

Always,
Zoe Annastasia

'Scuse us. We thought the whole idea of Goth was to abandon what you love for the sake of looking cool for an endearing second of time. Sorry, our mistake.

TOO MANY?

Dear Airhead,

Re: "The Man Fox" letter from Jim Johnston, July 1990 edition:

Reply: "Toomany morons listen to the radio in Vancouver! My support goes to CiTR...if you'd increase your power a little more, I wouldn't have to resort to listening to (and thereby "supporting") CFOX, etc."

Steve Beeder
J.J.'s Favourite
Critic

CiTR doesn't want to increase its power 'cause it would no longer be alternative. If lots of people could hear us then CiTR could become popular i.e. mainstream instead of alternative. And alternative is what CiTR should be, right? CiTR wants to remain pure, unsoiled by the crass commercialism of high power radio. Furthermore, if people could hear us they would try and put a stop to the puerile activities we enjoy so immensely.

CiTR must remain the domain of the elite few. If the general populace were to become aware of CiTR it would lose its value of exclusivity - CiTR must not be tainted by the baseness of general popularity. It must remain the bastion of the alternative.

So remember:

High Power = Popularity
= Mainstream = Bad

Low Power = Exclusivity
= Alternative = Good

SHIN

ONCE AGAIN, FOR THOSE
OF YOU WHO WEREN'T
LISTENING:

CiTR is now accepting tapes from bands interested in competing in Shindig '90. Send your demo or whatever including name, phone #, and some info about you(r band) to: Shindig '90, c/o CiTR, #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC V6T 2A5. OK?

dig

THE GEORGIA
straight PRESENTS
DGC/WEA Recording Artist



JOHN DOE
(formerly of X)

With Special Guest
Island/MCA Recording Artist
KIMM ROGERS

THURSDAY AUGUST 9
Doors 8 pm • Showtime 10:30 pm

T H E
TOWN PUMP

66 Water Street Gastown 683-6695/681-2222

Tickets Available At The Door Only

Produced by Perryscope

WANTED: DISORDER EDITOR

"I've had it, you know," exclaimed K. Michael Smith, as he threw in the towel on his prestigious, fun, and educational job as editor of Vancouver's hippest music magazine slash radio program guide (DISORDER), a job that pays \$250 per month plus all the adoration and admiration one can stand, a job that almost anyone could get provided they send a resume, covering letter, and a few samples of their written work to DISORDER c/o CiTR, #233-6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, V6T 2A5 before August 10," ...I just can't stand all the autograph hounds...the thrill seekers...every day another young gun who wants to prove he's the 'fastest in the west'...all that needless killing-oh the senseless violence"

\$190⁰⁰

312 - 825 GRANVILLE (OFF ROBSON)
phone: 684-5479

**TRIBAL
WARES**

228-30171

call

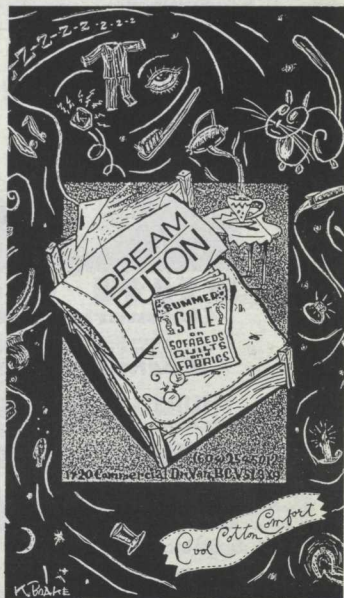
loud!!

hip!

tunt!

cheap!

STREET



The 11th annual New Music Seminar was took place from July 13 to 18 in New York City. More than 8000 of the world's music business folk gathered at a Times Square hotel to talk, listen, do business and witness 350 performances by almost as many bands at 30 Manhattan nightclubs. Many delegates thought the proceedings should have been called the New Money Seminar. Others questioned if there was anything "New" about it at all. When Modern English is showcasing themselves on the comeback trail, and is given a headlining spot at the opening gala, can you really say the focus of the seminar is upon new music?

There was a lot of talk at the seminars. College stations bitched at the record companies about not getting their product, record companies bitched at college stations for not returning their calls; promoters bitched at the lack of clubs, clubs bitched about the lack of money; bands bemoaned the death of the "you can sleep on my floor if I can sleep on yours" camaraderie. The whole industry agreed to rally behind 2 Live Crew in their battle to allow freedom of speech in Florida, saddened that it had to be such a talentless group of true perverts they were supporting.

I travelled with my friend Scott to see what it was all about, to get a sense of the big industry vacuum, to see my Toronto friends I knew would congregate there, and to do the New York tourist thing. I missed at least as many great bands as I saw and I can safely say that I only met one percent of the folks I would have liked to. I did meet David Lynch (he's a Music Director at WHUS in Connecticut) and learned that there will be a comeback David Cassidy album on Enigma, that Henry Rollins' next album will be out on Chrysalis, and that there's to be another Chic LP and an Axl Rose/Ice-T version of "Welcome to the Jungle."

Travelogue from New York City

Friday July 13

This was obviously the best day to fly cross-country on an airplane. Mid-air collisions aside, I was at least expecting to lose my luggage or get lost

in Brooklyn on my way in from JFK International. However, touching down and getting my gear together and actually finding myself on a subway headed straight for Midtown Manhattan, I could rest easy and open my eyes. Where's the subway graffiti? Who are the scary people? I'm not seeing any colossal buildings. Once at Times Square I didn't find rows and rows of cabs pulling off without disgruntled passengers.

Immediately we try to find accommodation. After an hour spent yo-yoing in Manhattan we're back smack dab in the middle of Times Square, half, no... a quarter of a block from the seminar hotel. But they only had one bed left and it was reserved for 8:00. It was now 9:30 and the guy hadn't shown up. They could give us his bed and one of us could sleep on the floor. "Yah, yahl!" Our money was coming out of our pockets as the 8:00 kid walked in. We resorted to pleading and the other kid got sent away.

We decided to hit the town. The Friday night atmosphere in Greenwich Village prompted us to wander, and discover some cool record shops that are open until Das Damm's last five songs at the Marquee Club in west Chelsea. A former bus garage, the Marquee is a cement Luv-A-Fair. This being my first New York nightclub and excited to finally be here, I did what I was warned time and time again: bought my first (and last) beer in a New York club. Outside and down the block it is perfectly legal to pick up a can and drink it on the street. The cost of this hovers in the \$1 to \$1.25 range. In the club it'll invariably be \$4 or more.

Hit Jerry Rubin's Lime-light Disco not far away, not knowing that George Clinton's new band, Hot Sauce, was playing in the same neighbourhood. Cabbed home (also for the first and last time) to find someone had stolen my bed sheets.

Saturday, July 14

Breakfast at the hostel (\$3), picked up my New Music Seminar pass and bag full of promo goodies, then off to Central Park to see what was to be the best show of the week, Jazz Passengers' Mark Ribot's new band. The last really muggy air was filling

SCHMOOZEFEST BY LEN MORGAN

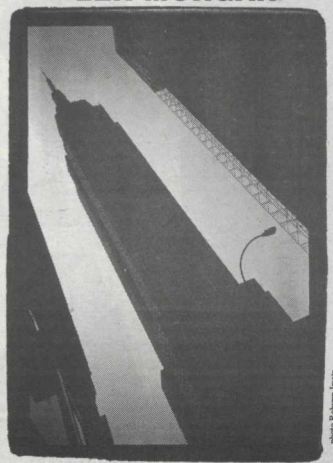


Photo: Rodney Perea

up with these annoying green sand fleas that I figured were only attracted to me. Coupled with the prevalence of marijuana smoke, it almost turned into an unpleasant situation. And when the James Brown All-Stars took the stage, it did. That night we saw Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner jamming with Die Kreuzen at CBGB's. What we missed: Christmas, Gary Lucas/Gods & Monsters, Pussywillows and Alice Donut.

Sunday, July 15

Woke up early and went to a panel discussion about indie dance records. They appear to be making lotsa dollars. When a member of the audience asked if payola was always a necessary evil, the whole panel went silent, the moderator cleared her throat, and - I think it was the president of Tommy Boy Records - dismissed the issue by saying it was a topic worthy of a whole discussion and they certainly didn't have the time here.

I wandered the convention floors trying to look into people's faces. Everyone else was looking at the mandatory badges we had to wear on chains around our necks. "Oh, hi... Len. You're from," shouting to read, Discorder. What's that? At that point, I resolved to address strangers

with: "What kind of music do you LOVE? What's in your veins, man?!"

Sunday night found me back at CBGB's for a Mataro Records showcase of New York bands. Railroad Jerk were original and abrasive and had good songs. They gave me a shirt and I liked them lots. Saw Dust Devils, Urge Overkill and, down the street at the Knitting Factory, Bongwater. For a laugh I trudged up to the Palladium - what a huge (and rich) place that is - to see Modern English. Who I missed: Teenage Fan Club, Urban Dance Squad, France's Mano Negra, Digital Underground, God's Little Monkeys and Shimmy Dis artists Tuli Kupferberg and When People Were Shorter and Lived Near The Water.

Monday, July 16

Today I saw the Statue of Liberty, Wall Street etc. instead of sitting through the keynote address by Laurie Anderson and industry heavy Irving Azoff. When I got to the seminar it was buzzing with 8000 plus people roaming the exhibition floor for freebies (myself included). Of note is a pencil that I picked up from some publishing company that was bent into a treble clef. Thankfully, the

Canadian Suite was open on one of the hotel's top floors. It provided an air conditioned retreat from the street outside and the fervor of the seminar schmooze. Wax Trax Records had a party in their suite, as did the New Orleans Music Convention.

Elevators were jammed with delegates, and a half-hour wait in either direction was not unusual. At night I caught Lava Hay looking exhausted, Rights of the Accused forsaking their punk roots, Scrawl being inept and Galaxie 500 sounding just like their records. I missed Queen Latifah, A Tribe Called Quest, These Hyponotics, Cop Shoot Cop, Nuclear Assault and Lunachicks.

Tuesday, July 17

Another day of hardcore schmoozing. Another tactic was tried to keep the party overflow to a minimum: don't tell anyone where the hospitality rooms are. From five o'clock on swarms of vultures stalked the hotel's upper floors for signs of free beer and grub. Today's panel discussions were at least lively. Paul Simon and Public Enemy producers the Shocklee brothers argued the sampling copyright issue back and forth. Nile Rodgers admitted that he sampled a section of PE's new record for the forthcoming Chic comeback album, and Rick Rubin, for the most part, stayed out of the debate. Later on Ice-T had it out with Vernon Reid over the "Nigger"-word, with Outweek Magazine editor Victoria Starr over the "Bitch"-word and with Nona Hendryx over the "Motherfucker"-word. The MD from some down south radio station turned to me and asked, "What's misogy?"

To the Ritz it was, for the Wax Trax/Network showcase. Consolidated captured everyone's attention but you couldn't hear the words; Meat Beat Manifesto has a trio of exuberant dancers but you could hear the words. The hip hop beat started to grind on me and I high-tailed it to the Toronto showcase just in time to hear the whole of the Rheostatics set. The original four are back at it and reminded me of all I liked and didn't like about them. Capitol Canada's new signing Leslie Spit Tree-o were next and I took the time to text on Ray's Original Pizza (which is different than Original Ray's Pizza, and

different still from Famous Ray's Pizza). I didn't make it back for Jellyfish Babies, who I know to be great, nor to the East Village to see Head of David, but I did run into three Finns from a band called 22 Pistepirko. We ducked into a biker bar and talked Finnish punk rock for two hours.

Four in the morning on the subway, I figured, was the best time to get into an argument about El Salvador with two Marines. They brought up burning the flag and I wisely kept shut. Also wanted to see Hothouse Flowers that night but I settled for an autograph.

Wednesday, July 18

The last day of the seminar and I decided that five days of getting to bed at 4:00 AM was wearing me down. I only attended one seminar, and poked my head into another one just in time to hear someone say, "If I meet one more college station MD who plays Soundgarden, I'm gonna punch him out." I cheered. Took the afternoon off and went shopping for records, then to the East Village where there are 21 (ya, we counted 'em) Indian restaurants all on one side of the same block. The 21st one was recommended - isn't that always the way? - but I'm never taking advice from anyone in Dumpruck again. I had some hard entertainment choices that night, but I decided to head straight to the Palladium to see the Dead Milkmen, Dirty Dozen Brass Band, 2 Live Crew (I conscientiously objected and sat in the lobby for most of their set) and Fishbone. I thought there was a lot of sweat for the headlines, but it was nothing compared to when I got to the Marquee for Soul Asylum. Bands I missed: Gin Blossoms, Agitpop, 808 State, Happy Mondays, Dumpruck and a showcase of USSR bands.

Thursday, July 19

Gee, the heat doesn't get to you unless you're in a bad mood to start with. We had to get up early to check out. Then we had time to kill before the flight, which we knew was a stop-over, which we figured we wouldn't get fed on, which didn't have an in-flight movie, and the list goes on... Most importantly, we were having a great time but we had to leave New York.

AUGUST CONCERTS

SATURDAY 28 From Toronto **THE BOURBON TABERNACLE CHOIR** with guests **EMILY STOP**

SUNDAY 29 **NAKED LUNCH**

MONDAY 30 Perryscope presents BMG recording artist **MARTI JONES**

TUESDAY 31 ROCK 1040 presents from San Francisco **THE TUBES**

WEDNESDAY 1 Showcase

THURSDAY 2 Showcase

FRIDAY 3 ROCK 1040 presents **SAVOY BROWN** with guests **THE PERSUADERS**

SATURDAY 4 **THE NERVOUS FELLAS** with guests **THE LAST WILD SONS**

SUNDAY 5 **LORRAINE SEGATO** formerly of The Parachute Club

WEDNESDAY 8 From Toronto **DORIAN GRAY** with guests **TURF CITY**

THURSDAY 9 Perryscope presents WEA recording artist **JOHN DOE**

FRIDAY 10 Rock 1040 presents Enigma recording artists **SKYDIGGERS** with guests **THE CATHERINE WHEEL**

SATURDAY 11 **HARD ROCK MINERS**

SUNDAY 12 **THE METHOD**

WEDNESDAY 15 **GREEN HOUSE** with guests **THE UNKNOWN**

THURSDAY 16 From Zimbabwe **THE FOUR BROTHERS**

FRI-SAT 17-18 From Los Angeles **TUPELO CHAIN SEX** with guests **WIDESPREAD PANIC**

SUNDAY 19 **SHE**

MONDAY 20 Showcase

TUESDAY 21 Showcase

FRIDAY 24 **BOB'S YOUR UNCLE**

SATURDAY 25 **ART BERGMANN**

THURSDAY 30 Island recording artists **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO**

FRIDAY 31 **TOM RUSSEL**

T H E TOWN PUMP

56 Water Street Gastown

683-6695

SUB ARCADE

UBC STUDENT UNION BUILDING
LOWER CONCOURSE
ALL AGES WELCOME



COOP Presents Direct from Zimbabwe

FOUR BROTHERS

THE
BROS
TOUR



WITH
SPECIAL
GUESTS

THURSDAY
AUGUST 16

THE TOWN PUMP
68 Water Street
Gastown 683-6695

TICKETS:
At all TICKETMASTER
locations as well as Barrett Electronics,
Zulu, Black Swan, and Highlife
records.
CHARGE BY PHONE
280-4444



Manchester is the current British musical hot spot. The list of talked about bands is headed by The Stone Roses, Happy Mondays and the relatively new kid on the block, Inspiral Carpets. The Carpets' vinyl output began with a flexi disc of the song "Garage Full of Flowers," included with the Manchester fanzine, "Debris," in January 1987. Following releases included numerous successful singles, a Peel session, and the number two British LP, "Life." Now there is the first North American release via Rough Trade, the "Cool As Fuck!" EP, which features the Carpets' UK hits and B-sides: "Joe," "Find Out Why," "So Far," "Out of Time" and "Plane Crash."

The Inspiral Carpets - singer, Tom Hingley; organist, Clint Boon; guitarist, Graham Lambert; bassist, Martyn Walsh and drummer, Craig Gill - play a kind of small "p" psychedelic pop with heavy doses of Farfisa organ and somewhat Julian Cope sounding vocals. Disorder recently talked to the group's nineteen year old drummer about the press, rap music, flares and other stuff.

I think the reason you guys signed with Mute was that they had the best stuff to give you for free, wasn't it?

Craig: Yeah (laughs), sort of. It's not got products. The bands that are on there are on there because the people like them. It's not because they've got products there to make 'em money. That appealed to us.

I guess they (Mute) don't have too much interference.

C: No, not at all.

Do you think the Subpop stuff is a bit overhyped in Britain?

C: Not overhyped, no. 'Cause it's hardly heard of. There's some Subpop records we'd like to get a hold of in England that we can't. A lot of the stuff we get through Blast First because it's its part of Mute. There's not that many people that are aware of it in England.

What did you think of the Buzzcocks reforming?

C: I don't really believe in it. I didn't really mind them reforming so much. It was just when they had Flag of Convenience which was going under the name of Buzzcocks. That's a joke. It's a ripoff. They should have been sued for it really. Steve Diggle carried on without the others' consent and a friend of mine was drumming for him. There's no point in calling it the Buzzcocks if it's not the original lineup.

What do you think of rap?

INSPIRAL CARPETS



C: I really like it. It's been a big influence on our music for quite a long time. At one time in Manchester people were very narrow minded. You had house music fans, dance music fans and then you had indie kids; and they didn't crossover whatsoever. There was a time when we had 808 State supporting us and people used to boo them off stage 'cause no one liked house. The indie kids who were into us didn't like dance music. Now there's a big crossover and people like both. It's trendy now to like 808 State as well as us. But at that time people didn't understand dance music at all. It was the same on both sides - dance music hated guitar bands, guitar bands hated dance music. But it was never so with us; we was always into dance music. That's why we had 808 State open for us. So hopefully we helped the crossover. It's only now that people are noticing that in our music. But hip hop and stuff inspired my drumming just as much as '60s stuff inspired Clint on the organ. I've been a big fan of Public Enemy for quite a few years; seen them play a few times.

I read that the infamous Manchester nightclub The Hacienda Club ran into some trouble and might be closed down.

C: Yeah, the authorities want to close it down. They're searchin' everybody on the way in now to check there are no drugs going in the place. A girl died in the Hacienda. They said it was ecstasy and stuff but you can get it anywhere; you don't have to just be in there. They're just clamping down 'cause that girl died and her mum and dad are pressin' charges and stuff.

It gets such bad press. The press says you can't go in there and leave

your drink without getting something put in it. But nobody's ever put anything in my drink. I wish they would sometimes. Who goes around putting £30 tablets of ecstasy in your drink? Nobody does that. Nobody's that daft. The girl's mom said she must have had it put in her drink but the story is she had two. So if she's foolish enough to have two, it's her own fault.

If we go on about it it's endorsing drugs. In England people look at us as having a "no drugs" stance. We don't tell anyone what to do. It's just we don't like endorsing things. If kids want to experiment with drugs then that's fine by me. And that should be a conscious decision. It shouldn't be because some pop band does it. Whichever way you look at it, you're influential and people are gonna start doing whatever you do so if you mention ecstasy and stuff like that then kids are going to start trying it because of that. And you don't want to be responsible for anybody's death. There is a lot to be said for drugs, there's a lot to be talked about, but in the press isn't really the place to say it.

I used to go in Eastern Bloc record store when I was in Manchester.

C: It's owned by a member of 808 State actually. Three of them started it up and one of them's doing 808 State now.

And they've got their own record label now too?

C: Yeah, they started us out; they financed us when we did "Joe." When we started out on our own label, they financed that through Creed - Cow through Creed. They've always had their own records. When 808 State first started putting out

records they did it through Creed. They lent us the money and took a cut or whatever. When we was a small band they were selling most of our records 'cause we was on a label called Playtime. It was no good and we said we wanted to leave and they (Eastern Bloc) seen the potential in it 'cause they seen how many records we were selling. The first single we had out sold out in a week; a thousand copies sold in a week, most of them in that shop. And Red Rhino went bust. They were the distributors. After that we just sat back a bit because we wanted to get a distribution deal.

You did a ? and the Mysterians song. But you don't do very many covers do you?

C: No, not really. We did a Stones one as well, "Gimme Shelter." I suppose if we ever did a cover again it would be a recent one. If you've done a couple of covers from the '60s you can get attached to the '60s too much. When we did "Gimme Shelter" it was just 'omebody asked us to do a Stones song for this compilation Stones album. We hadn't all heard the original when we did it so we did it like writing up one of our own songs. There was only two people in the band who'd heard the original so we had no preconceptions of how it should have sounded.

What do you think of The Stone Roses?

C: I think they're a good band. I've got sympathy for them because they can't really win because if they do a massive gig for loads of people they'll get quite a few complaints about the sound and stuff like that. But they can't win because if they play in a two thousand seat venue

then what are they supposed to do, play there every night for a year? Or pack people in on one night and kill people? You gotta play to the amount of people that actually want to go and see you which was like eighteen thousand people (at the Spike Island gig). So they did it in a field. With the Stone Roses at that gig it didn't matter how the band played; they could have just come on stage and farted and people wouldn't have been bothered 'cause it was just like a day out. It was like a festival atmosphere. And that's all it is - a good day out. It doesn't matter whether you can hear the band at the end of the day. That's the way I look at it. It's a bonus if the band has good sound.

Is it difficult for a band starting out?

C: No, it's dead easy at the moment. A band starts out and then that's it. They've already got a record deal and they've already got loads of money flying about. So it's not as hard as it used to be.

So are you guys wearing flares? Are they coming back?

C: No. The Stone Roses started wearing them and then people started wearing them. It's only the Stone Roses that really wear them. I don't really like them. I'm not against anyone wearing them, I just don't like them. I think it will pass on; it's just a passing thing. Next week it'll be something else. I'll stick to wearing baggy jeans 'cause they're comfortable and they look all right.

There was a revival in about '82 with semi-flares. It was football fashion by the football fans from Manchester. The football fans from London always had snazzier sports gear so the Manchester fans did it as a rebellion. It was like, "This is our fashion." That's all it was.

You guys seem to be pretty friendly with the people at the New Music Express. They seem to do a lot of articles on the stuff out of Manchester.

C: You've got to keep a bit of a distance. You can't become too friendly really. Sometimes they're going to start slagging you off and we know that. They've got a job to do to be critics. They're giving Manchester good press now but in two months time they might not. They might be knockin' it. So we don't want to get too closely involved. That's why we keep our distance with the press people. Good press is alright but you've got to be a good band which is what it boils down to. It's not just about being from Manchester and being young and being nicely dressed. ®

THE FRANK CHICKENS

The Frank Chickens are the Japanese duo of Kazuko Hohki and Atsuko Kamura now firmly rooted in London, England. Their performances simulate the karaoke bar scene, in which a bar patron sings along to taped music. Using this simple format they deliver an inspired assault on sexist and racist stereotypes, Japanese monsters, hamburgers and mail order brides. And few sacred cows remain untouched.

Your trusty and loyal Brownsters, James and Peter, took time out from the aural delights of the Vancouver Folk Festival performances to chat with the Frank Chickens on a break from another successful performance. Join us in this journey into the world of subversive madness, a world populated by Jackie Chan, Ninjas, two bit crooks, eccentric Englishmen, Enka music and the frightening, thirty storey tall Frank Chickens.

Disorder: Tell us about your new album.

Kazuko Hohki: It's called "Club Monkey." It is based on the show which we did in London two years ago. It's got Chinese zombies and Jackie Chan and strange English aristocrats and all that. So if you don't see the show the record doesn't make any sense. (laughs) But if you imagine well, you can create something. It was shown in a London arts centre.

D: What is the story behind Club Monkey and what is the meaning of some of the images that you use?

KH: In Hong Kong films... there are lots of good Hong Kong films coming out... maybe not now because at the moment the political situation is a little bit complicated... but a few years ago Hong Kong films were very... they were producing amazing films. Including films about Chinese zombies. It's like when people die and change into zombies and come back to life and they do some very (laughs) naughty things. In Hong Kong films the humour is brilliant because they have a very tough humour. They use humour to fight against oppression. Some of the Japanese humour is a bit sensitive and also very delicate. It's against a good thing, but you don't have this

toughness in it. That's why Hong Kong humour is very attractive. Also the idea of death—people die and then change into zombies and come back to life and they live like normal people—it's nothing special. They fall in love with living people and all that. This idea that death doesn't divide the living

and the dead is very interesting; it's a common subject of Hong Kong films.

D: We've had a number of Hong Kong films here. I guess the most popular was "A Chinese Ghost Story."

KH: Ah, yes, that film was one film that sure influenced Club Monkey with its ideas. The film was far better. (laughs) **D:** Again there is the theme of falling in love with a ghost.

KH: Yes, it's brilliant, the romance between the living and the dead and there's not much fuss made about the idea of death. There is another film called "Rouge," have you seen that?

D: No.

KH: It's the same thing. Did you see the "Chinese Ghost Story" with Leslie Chan? There are two versions of "Chinese Ghost Story" One has a pop singer called Leslie Chan in it who is a homosexual. I think he publicly announced he is gay... maybe not, but everybody knows he is gay... and he's brilliant. He's a singer and he's a brilliant actor. He did another film called "Rouge"

which I think is better than "Chinese Ghost Story." It's a modern ghost story and it's moving and beautiful and funny and very brilliant.

D: Why is Hong Kong humour so different from Japanese humour?

KH: In Hong Kong they had to fight against the British government and

for the English is to be embarrassed. What is it about Japanese humour that you use?

KH: I'm not sure whether we belong in the Japanese category. We did a gig two gigs in Tokyo and a gig in Osaka and that was fantastic. The humour went down really well, but

the organizers were quite unusual people. They were all Kamura's friends. Kamura moved to England about three years ago. She has a big connection to the Japanese Eccentric Women's Society still, and they organized it. The communication was fantastic, but I'm not sure whether our humour goes down well with the majority of Japanese. (laughs)

D: That group didn't exist until fairly recently. Are Japanese women coming out more and organizing those kind of events?

KH: I think it's kinda been happening, but I feel like... I've lived in England twelve years and when I left Japan twelve years ago I didn't notice

Japanese women's energy that much. But I feel every time I go to Japan, Japanese women are starting to gradually get into more powerful positions. It's not very quick, it's slow. But Japanese Eccentric Women are increasing and that's really great.

D: So I guess Japanese women have a lot farther to go than in some other places?

KH: Oh yeah, like compared to here in Vancouver. It's very slow, but it

is happening. It is like Kamura's friends who are doing brilliant work. Atsuko Kamura: They're so mad.

KH: So mad, yeah. (laughter)

D: Is performing at a folk festival something new for you?

KH: Yeah, we've never done any folk festival before, but we have done Glastonbury. Do you know the Glastonbury Festival and WOMAD, World of Dance and Music, in England? It's like this kind of hippie thing... brilliant, I like English, Western hippies very much.

KH: So relaxed. (laughter)

D: So it's very nice people and all that, but we've never done anything like the Folk Festival because we use backing tapes and so it is a bit embarrassing to come over for a folk event. (laughs)

D: It seemed to go over really well, especially your song "Sacred Marriage."

KH: It was very slow compared to usual. I think the tape machine there is seriously wrong. (laughs) So we had to sing in a very deep voice (laughs) and slow English (more laughter)...very weird.

D: Is the "Dog Song" that you performed, on your new album?

KH: Oh, yeah!

D: Many people in the audience were making faces when you sang about dogs as Asian delicacies and contrasting that with Westerners using them for experimental purposes. I guess there are still many western preconceptions about Eastern cultures.

KH: Hmm, like when we sing "Sacred Marriage." We talk about Western men's image about Eastern women. They have a set image of the Asian woman as an entertainer, a geisha, whose purpose it is to serve men and to be quiet when they are not needed. But we are very loud. (laughs) We demand what we want. **D:** Is the practice of selling women from poorer Asian countries to Western men as potential wives still prevalent?

KH: Actually it started happening in Japan. In the northern part of Japan in farming communities the young people go to the city. So a farmer's son can not find any brides, so they get brides from the Philippines. I just watched a program in England about Filipino wives in Japan and it is quite



the Chinese government and colonization. So in Hong Kong, people had to use humour to protect their identity. In hardship time they had to laugh at the situation. That hardship created the humour. For me as a person living in the West, as an Eastern person, for me it's more useful than Japanese humour for it helps me fight for cultural differences.

D: John Cleese once said about English humour is that the worst thing

by J. Boldt + P. Sickert



said. There was one female anthropologist in Japan talking about this situation. She was saying that because the Philippines have been subjects of foreign governments so long they have lost their identity and think of themselves as entertainers. So when an American comes they go with an American and when Japan comes they think Japan will save their country. She was very depressed about the whole situation.

D: You said that when you were growing up in Japan all your images about the West came from all the western t.v. programs. You went on to say that in the future western children will grow up with eastern images on t.v.

KH: (laughs) Godzilla, Ninjas...do you know that turtle hero... Teenage Ninja Turtle...ahh what is it called? Teenager...?

D: Teenage Ninja Mutant Turtles. KH: Yes, (laughs) that's right. It is only one example of that kind of thing creeping in.

D: Someone once said of Godzilla and those robot things, that they were kind of messiah like figures, and that since Japanese society did not have this kind of messiah hero, these creatures were created as pseudo-messiahs.

KH: I think the attractive thing about Godzilla films for me is always he destroys a city, cars, big buildings...and motorways. All the things we would rather not have. That's really good; he's an environmentally very sound monster. (laughs)

D: Many of your influences come from Japanese singing bars. We now have some even in Vancouver. You once said that westerners are too embarrassed to do this kind of thing, but the Japanese seem to really love singing in karaoke bars.

KH: Kamura actually worked in a Japanese karaoke bar recently, so she would know. They came to get trained by Kamura. See, they take it very seriously, you know, because of the company promotion thing.

AK: Karaoke is not just entertainment for the Japanese people because the main guest for karaoke bars is the Japanese businessman. So Japanese businessman tries hard to learn good singing because Japanese business society after 5 o'clock serious business starts again.

KH: Yeah.

AK: After 5 o'clock you have to take the customer and entertain the customer for dinner and drinks or something like that. So that is part of business and that is the background Kamura is from.

KH: They get tax relief from the government don't they?

AK: Yeah, oh yeah.

KH: They get tax relief for when they entertain. If you spend lots of money for entertainment in a company, they get tax incentives. So they can afford to spend lots of money.

D: Why do you think it's so popular? They sing a lot of songs, American songs from as far back as the '60s.

KH: Actually, karaoke bars in Japan have mostly backing tapes of Japanese pop songs, so they sing Japanese pop ballads.

AK: Recently, for Japanese karaoke bars they've added stages, including various lighting systems. You can feel like a real pop music star on stage. So that is absolutely amazing. I went down there once and I found, even with the young people, they don't enjoy themselves. They enjoy it while they are singing but all other people just get bored listening. So... (laughter)

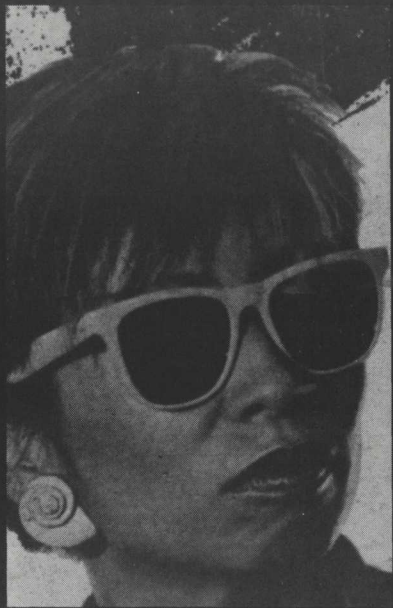
KH: ...get off the stage. (laughs) It's sort of a narcissistic way of entertainment.

AK: When we have karaoke contests in England, ordinary people come to the stage and they go for it and they don't worry. Really. They don't

worry about their singing techniques even; it's really great fun.

D: But for the Japanese businessman it's very important to have a very good singing voice isn't it?

KH: Yeah, the proper kind of voice...so practice to improve...so improve to practice. (laughs)



D: What do you have coming up in the future?

AK: Canada and America tour... KH: Yes, American and Canadian tour...

AK: A whole one year tour...

KH: Yes, please give us gigs. (laughs)

AK: Lots of money... KH: In a nice place. (even more laughter and general merriment)

D: Have you ever toured North America before?

KH: No, we have just played in Boston and in New York a few times. But we would like to do a whole women's circuit and festivals. I think here in Vancouver I was impressed by the cultural mixture. The Asian people have their identity and still can mix with the western people without fear of losing their cultural identity, and that is great. In London it's a bit sad; it's a very closed community amongst the Asian people.

D: One thing that is said about Canada - America is a melting pot where everyone is expected to become the same, but here in Canada they are freer to maintain their identities. That is maybe why a lot of people from Hong Kong and man-ya-ya-ya places come here; there is still that strong cultural identity.

AK: That's very interesting. KH: That's really good. Do you know of any good jobs and good flats,

so we can immigrate to here? (laughter) D: I don't know (laughs) maybe it's a bit difficult to become a Canadian citizen now with the new rules, but... KH: Yeah, immigration is very strict. That's the impression I got when I went to the Canadian Embassy in London. I thought Canada was very open but it is not so.

D: They mostly want people with money for investment and who are highly educated.

KH: We've got twenty-three Canadian dollars. (laughs)

D: That won't get you very far. (laughter)

KH: It's big money for us. (hysterical laughter all around)

D: Thank-you for talking with us and good luck in the future on becoming Canadian citizens.

KH/AK: (laughing again) Thank you, thank you so much.

While we were packing up the interview equipment, Atsuka shared a few additional thoughts.

D: You used to be with a punk band named Polka Dot Fire Brigade?

AK: Oh, you have heard of them? When I first moved to London, we, like many young people, started a punk band. It was the trend.

D: Did you know bands like the Sex Pistols in Japan?

AK: Oh yes. D: How do you like living in London?

AK: I hate it so much. I don't like the British there. They are so closed minded. We live in the Asian neighbourhood. It is one of the poorest but it gets the biggest poll tax. When I joined Kazuko and Frank Chickens, I thought it was for a little time but I'm still there.

D: Have you toured any other European countries?

AK: We did a gig in Soviet Union.

Kazuko now rejoins us.

AK: I'm telling them of Moscow. KH: Oh, it was brilliant. The people are so nice. But everything is so closed. If you want something you need to make friends. For example, there are no taxis after midnight so our friends say no problem. He gives some money and we have a taxi. You need money to get things. In the underground, the black market, the people get what they want. It's really brilliant.

D: So maybe the hope for people in the future is to rely on their own networks of friends? KH: I think so. Coming up in next month's Discoverer, more Folk Fest interviews with Japanese American performance artist Brenda Wong Aoki and the Japanese Canadian percussion ensemble Uzume Taiko, plus a Folk Festival retrospective.



THE YALE

THE BEST IN LIVE
RHYTHM & BLUES
EACH NIGHT
1300 GRAINVILLE (AT DRAKE)
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL
681-YALE

VANCOUVER'S HOTTEST BLUES NIGHTCLUB

Jul. 31 - Aug. 4	Big Joe Duskin with the Demons
Aug. 6	The Demons
Aug. 7 - 11	Incognito
Aug. 13 - 16	Johnny V
Aug. 17 & 18	Jim Byrnes
Aug. 20 - 22	Mike Jacobs
Aug. 23 - 25	James Harman
Aug. 26	Special Blues Vocal Jam
Aug. 27	Oliver & The Elements
Aug. 28	The Demons
Aug. 29 - 31	John Hammond with guests
Sept. 1	The Demons

DON'T MISS JACK LAVIN'S JAMS:

SAT. 3-8 PM / SUNDAY BLUES MARATHON JAM-SUN. 3 PM-MIDNITE

OPEN EACH NIGHT FROM 9:30 pm - 1:30 am OPEN WEEKDAYS FROM 11:30 am

FOX METAL SHOP PRESENTS

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

AND

EXODUS

PLUS GUESTS

ALL AGES WELCOME

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14

THE COMMODORE BALLROOM

DOORS: 7PM SHOW: 8PM

TICKETS AT TRACK, ZULU, ALL ~~LOCAL~~ LOCATIONS,

OR CHARGE BY PHONE 280-4444

ANOTHER ALL-AGES SUPER METAL BLOWOUT BROUGHT TO YOU BY YOUR FRIENDS AT PINKYSCOPE



the cruel elephant

SAVE YOUR FUCKING SOUL AND READ

The holy words of the cruel elephant: Let's hear a loud 'AMEN' from all those sick and tired of all the tried and true (amen) from all those sick and tired of the unbelievers forcing all those (poor souls) that have lost their will to fight, to be led into the mire and banality of mainstream music (amen). Brothers and sisters, are you sick and tired of overpriced food and drink when you go out to relax and dance with friends or lovers? (let me hear an amen) and oh, the music where you have forever no choice - NO SAY (damned are the average) we have been suppressed too long (amen) HAIL the new reality! HAIL our saviour - the cruel elephant. Come see the future with the world's coolest CD Jukebox and live music live music live music SPUNK with THE BOMBSHELLS Friday, August 3 & Saturday, August 4., THE NERVOUS FELLAS with THE LAST WILD SONS Friday, August 10 & Saturday August 11.

1176 Granville, Vancouver

(Granville & Davie in the Hotel California)

For info call

688-8748

OPENS WED. AUG. 1

COME EARLY AS WE DON'T STAY OPEN PAST 12... FOR NOW



smoothnoodlemaps

ON SALE NOW

7.44

CASSETTE



12.94

C.D.

a&b sound

YOUR TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE

DOWNTOWN VICTORIA
641 YATES ST.
385-1481

DOWNTOWN VANCOUVER
504 BURNBOUR ST.
687-0837

SOUTH VANCOUVER
722 S.W. MARINE DR
297-9115

EAST VANCOUVER
2096 E. HASTINGS ST.
254-1801

METROTOWN BURNABY
4558 VINCENY
439-0223

NORTH SURREY
12085 137TH ST.
589-7500

I first heard of the Blue Aeroplanes from a friend who went to the university in their home town of Bristol, England. He mentioned large numbers of guitars and a manic dancer, armed with a razorblade, who frantically slashed a sheet of plastic that separated the band from the audience. This caught my attention. So I listened to all the Blue Aeroplanes on import that I could find.

"Swagger," the band's first North American release (apart from the compilation "Friendloverplane"), came out in April. It showed the Aeroplanes with a radically different line-up, but still with three guitarists and the dancer. The press kit was none too subtle, basically doing their friendship with REM to death and giving the band the North American "Hard Sell." The album itself has a very interesting mix of jangle pop and almost folksy songs, with some of the guitar work reminiscent of the classic Fairport Convention lineup that included Richard Thompson. Gerard Langley's vocals are mostly just spoken, fragmented but cohesive, sentences - Well, you try and describe them! - taking on not just the usual topic of love, but also less explored emotions and situations.

I got the opportunity to interview the Blue Aeroplanes when they were in Vancouver supporting (some would say "blowing off stage") The Church. I headed down to the Chateau Granville at the appointed time on the afternoon of the show only to find that the band were still en route from Seattle. So I spent an hour drinking coffee with the band's English manager and the local record company rep, which reinforced my impression that the group was getting the big corporate push to fame and fortune.

The manager asked me if we played "rotation" at CTR ("No, we play what we want"). He then reeled off abbreviated names of "hot," "alternative" bands who were "shifting big units" at the moment such as "The Roses," "The Mondays," "Sinead" (shifting mega units), and "The Lemon Drops." He bemoaned the fact that Vancouver didn't have a "Real High Power Alternative Station" and heaped praise on "Much" for being more receptive to alternative music than MTV (!). The only time I got my own back was when he asked me what was "hot" at CTR on the moment. I answered that Lwyr Llaethog's brand of Welsh language industrial dub and assorted Finnish hardcore bands were really causing dj pulses to race.

Luckily, at this point The Blue Aeroplanes showed up (minus Gerard who had disappeared between the tour bus and the hotel). I was introduced to Rodney Allen, the young rhythm guitarist and co-writer of a lot of the group's songs.

I decided to find out what he thought of all this shovelling stuff.

Discorder: You obviously think that supporting bands is a good way to play in North America.

Rodney: Well, if we were to come over and headline, we're getting good college play and a lot of press, but that means we might do well in big places like New York and stuff like that and play to 50 people somewhere like Baltimore. It's

much better to play with a band that has a bit of a following.

The point is that if we can support a band that has got 1000 people to watch them, then every single time we can get at least 600 of them really going.

D: It doesn't limit you in your set?

R: The Church are being really good; we have the same sound as they do. Some bands get a bit precious about it and you're only allowed to use two channels on a 24 channel desk. You don't get to play as long, but I think that when an audience isn't completely aware of you, you don't want to play two hours to them anyway.

D: On record, your three guitar lineup is noticeable, but then most bands overdub guitars now anyway. It must be like the full multi-guitar sound is best appreciated.

R: It means that you don't have to get your friend on to reproduce the studio sound. Quite often to me it doesn't look right, it never fits in. We went to see The Mission at Wembley, and they all came on, loads of dry ice, all wearing black, all with these top hats on and everything. They look like a band. Then half way through, their roadie comes on to play some extra guitar - he's got a white T-shirt on. It's just not rock 'n' roll at all.

D: Guitarists have legendary egos. How do three guitarists get on?

R: Who gets to play the meaty parts?

R: It doesn't really affect me 'cause I can't play any of the thin strings. I'm strictly rhythm, so I'm alright 'cause none of the other two want to

play rhythm so I know my part straight away. The others don't argue at all. We all have incredible egos in this band, but when it comes to guitar solos and writing songs, we almost shy back and say, "No, no, let's do yours. No, you do the solo on this song." There's a lot of rivalry but it kind of works in reverse for us.

D: From the press kit it seems that

joined the band nothing's really gone drastically wrong. We keep progressing all the time. I'd play to 100 people anywhere but I'd hate to play to 800 people and then the next time I played there play to 500 people. That's where it can get depressing. The whole Spinal Tap thing.

D: How do bands like The Church and REM make the leap from college radio to superstardom?

Would the Blue Aeroplanes alter their style to follow them?

R: Some bands get played on college radio and then all of a sudden they release a record with quite obvious poppy songs on it. We would never do that; REM would never do that. You can make music in a way that's accessible to both (college and commercial listeners) and that's what REM have been doing from day one. It just takes some time to get through. I don't think there's any difference between "Swagger" and "Spitting Out Miracles" (the previous album). We always write good songs. It's also that when we started out we were seen as a weird band 'cause it was the fashion to have a cute girl

singer. Now the fashion's changed. At this point Gerard Langley, vocalist, lyric writer and founding member of the Blue Aeroplanes, appears and joins us.

D: Gerard, are you happy with where you are now? Things seem to be hotting up around you; getting more like a circus.

Gerard: I don't mind that. It's all got a social application as far as I'm concerned. I tend to enjoy most of it. As long as I can get a certain amount of privacy within the whole thing then I actually like being busy. Most of the band do. We like playing. I can imagine that if we do five tours of the States on pretty much the same level it might start to get a bit... We've never really done that; everything that we've done has been one stage up. It keeps the interest - each

time you tour you get a better bus. **D:** Will you be doing a headlining tour of North America next time? **G:** We almost certainly will, yeah. We'll do kind of one stage down from The Church, although some of the venues we've played with The Church want us back anyway.

D: I could say to you, "Have you got any secret ambition to be playing 50,000 seat arenas?"

G: It's not an ambition. My ambition is to make good records. But what happens to you happens because of those records. If one were to sell two million then you'd just try and deal with that in as dignified a way as possible. I'm quite prepared to just see what happens and then adjust accordingly. I don't think I've any ambitions except to make an album I'm absolutely happy with.

D: Isn't that one of those impossible things that would mean the end of your creativity?

G: No, not at all. Then your ambition becomes to make five albums you're happy with. I'm happy with most of our records, within the limitations in which they were conceived. The object is to remove as many of those limitations as possible.

D: Here's a stock question. What are your lyrical influences?

G: Influences come from everywhere - television, Hollywood, as much as writers: Poetry, W.H. Auden. I read mostly contemporary American writers. I don't like British writing at all.

D: What do you think of the music business that surrounds you? Do you see it as a necessary evil?

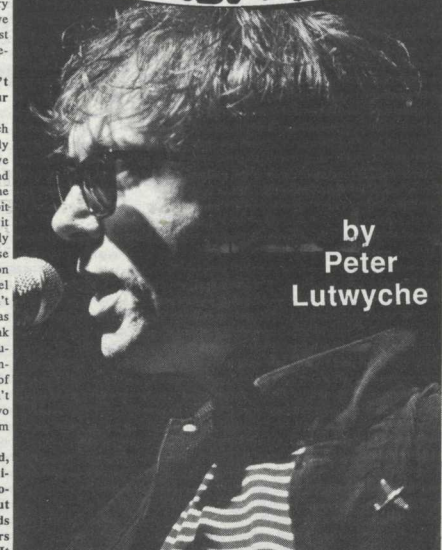
G: It's necessary; I don't know if it's evil. Say you work in an office, it's like thinking they should pay you just the same but you don't have to go in and work. I wouldn't be so arrogant as to think I'll write something I like, stick it out, and expect it to sell millions just 'cause I'm so brilliant. A lot of it is work but I never expected in life that I wouldn't have to work. Being on stage is the fun, the rest of it's the work.

D: Well, you could easily say, "If I work in this way, and follow this style of songwriting, then I've got a better chance of making BIG BUCKS."

G: Some people do that, but the reason that we do what we do, dealing with people, with reps, even doing this interview, is the work. It's not unpleasant. I enjoy it but the reason that you do it is so that you don't have to write a song that'll go down well, say, in the Northwestern market. We write songs that we like, there's no other criteria. After that, if it helps it to get into the shops to go and meet a lot of people from a record discount chain, then we'll do it. It gives us independence.

And with that, trying to play the system without losing integrity, they were off to a MuchMusic video interview. Ah, the hectic world of the up and coming rock star.

THE BLUE AEROPANES



by
Peter
Lutwyche

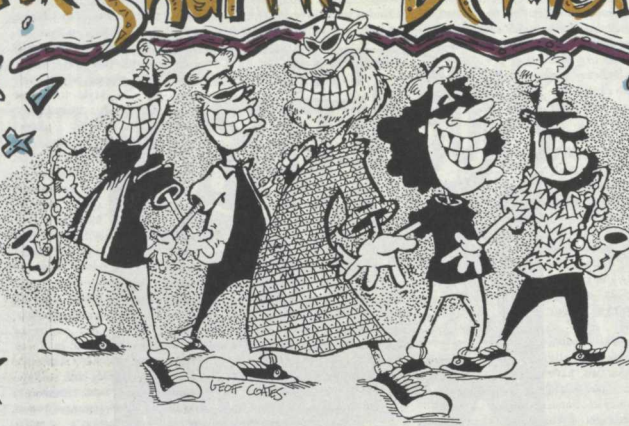
you're getting the big push, something I didn't expect considering the laid back nature of the band up to now. Where do you want to take it all?

R: When you first pick up a guitar, you want to play to all your friends at school. Then you want to play at the best venue in your town and so it all progresses. You can't say to yourself, "Well, I want to be as big as U2, or by the same token, as big as The House Of Love." Everything's relative.

D: Can you foresee a time when you're just so fed up with the hassles of touring?

R: Not really. I really enjoy touring. You just have to know when it's time to walk off and have a wander around on your own. As long as things are progressing then it's okay. Since I

the Shuffle Demons



By
**Tommy
Paley**

Many people have told me that the reason they don't like jazz is that it is not fun. Jazz does have an air of impersonality to it. However, there seems to be an answer. After three albums and many extensive tours (two in Europe), The Shuffle Demons have become one of the best jazz bands in Canada. They seem to have a really young following mainly due to their fun style that mixes jazz with rap, reggae and blues. Present is the standard jazz style developed by such giants as Sonny Rollins and Charlie Mingus, but it's been modernized into a type of music unique to The Shuffle Demons.

The group was in Vancouver promoting their new release "What Do You Want?" on June 15 and 16. I talked to alto sax player Demon Richard Underhill at a food fair on Granville Mall. We were later joined by percussionist Demon Stich Winston and bassist Demon George. This is what they had to say.

On being a bridge to get younger people to like jazz.

Demon Richard: It's certainly hard to be on a pedestal and say we are converting people to jazz but hopefully we can sort of walk that line. It's a difficult line to walk.

People tend to be involved in jazz in two ways. One is that it's not fun. Jazz does have an air of impersonality to it. However, there seems to be an answer. After three albums and many extensive tours (two in Europe), The Shuffle Demons have become one of the best jazz bands in Canada. They seem to have a really young following mainly due to their fun style that mixes jazz with rap, reggae and blues. Present is the standard jazz style developed by such giants as Sonny Rollins and Charlie Mingus, but it's been modernized into a type of music unique to The Shuffle Demons.



helps the audience grow and appreciate jazz a little bit more.

Demon George: We do a lot of different hybrid types of jazz-related music but we do a lot of improvisation which is probably unusual for a dance club or a dance scene. It's done in the spirit of fun and high energy and it comes off and the electricity is transferable, so to speak. That's satisfying for us as musicians and it's satisfying for them as dancers, or whatever. If they're enjoying the music,

the improvisations are what surprisingly they are [enjoying]. You look and they're clapping after solos. It's really rewarding to see that as well as seeing them having fun dancing.

On audience participation.

Demon Stich: That's something that we have always tried to do. Like you were talking about before that younger people feel separated from jazz because it's too serious; we're trying to break that wall. I think that's something that sort of got lost in the music was the joy element, the fun element, which you really saw in the older jazz like Fats Waller and people like that. It was really fun to go and hear the music. I think that sort of got lost somewhere along the line. It's good to see that it's coming back. We try to get the audience involved to break down those barriers.

Demon Stich: That's why we like to do that walking through the audience thing because it brings you so close to the audience. Also, it lets them participate when we do that walk around. It is as important a part of it as we are. It's another thing that we try to do to bridge the gap.

On what Shuffle Demons are listening to now.

Demon Richard: In the van there's all sorts of different tapes, from Duke Ellington to world music tapes.

Demon George: I like singers. Sometimes I listen more to singers than bass players because I like the freedom of not having to put your fingers to find the note. It's a real liberating thing to hear these guys whipping through scales. I like Indian singers, I like African singers, I like Middle Eastern Music and Native Indian stuff. In the car it's great. Parry will bring all his Sonny Rollins tapes and different people will bring different tapes. We listen to each other's stuff.

Demon Stich: My main love is jazz but I like all kinds of music. I like a lot of the stuff that George mentioned. For me the black music tradition is really what I'm into: funk, r&b, reggae, blues, soul mu-



sic, James Brown, all that stuff. Because that's where they come from. I think everyone in the band definitely

identifies with that tradition, probably more so than the white European tradition although I like some of that music too. I don't know about these guys, but I like 20th century classical music, Stravinsky, Perez, Schomburg.

Demon Richard: I think we all have an appreciation for the black tradition—it's such a rich tradition, there's so much going on—but we do keep our ears open to a lot of other different things. There's so much music going on that it's hard to find what feels right for you. What I'm looking for is the feeling that is communicated. It's not necessarily the technique of what they're playing or the revolutionary harmonies or anything like that. If the feeling comes across then that's what I'm looking for when I listen to music and it can happen in any sort of music.

On playing music by dead people.

Demon George: You're focusing on just a part of the kind of music we do, some of the jazz standards that we have revamped. But if you look at the individual people in the band, they're all fairly original sounding musicians in themselves; they have their own thing. So although we have all these influences and a

lot of the jazz tradition that we uncover is dated back to the '60s, I think we all have individual sounds that are our own. Stich has his own sound, I have my own bass style, Richard has his own sax style, Dave Parker has his own writing style and playing style, and Perry White is an amazing saxophone player. We all have our own strengths and hopefully people see us as originals as people, as musicians, and isn't that what we're trying to come off as well.

Demon Stich: I don't think that we're a "jazz band." I think we're jazz influenced in a lot of the music that we do but a lot of the jazz purists wouldn't call us a jazz band. But quite frankly I don't care, it's all music. When you really look at it, jazz is a very small part of it. It's great, I love it, but I don't want to confine myself to one thing. I'm a musician, not just a jazz musician.

Demon Richard: Then again, I've talked to jazz purists who say what we are doing is really what they believe to be jazz 'cause we're taking different styles of music and improvising with them and that is part of the tradition of jazz as well. So I agree with what Stich is saying, but there are different ways of looking at it. It is all about categoriz-

ing things, which can often be more divisive than helpful.

Demon George: Sorry, if I could add one more thing, we have this personal vibration thing; hopefully people can listen to the Demons on the radio and whether it is a rap oriented tune or a jazz oriented tune they could say that must be The Shuffle Demons because that is Stich Winston on the drums or Richard Underhill on the sax. The idea is to be recognized for how you play.

Demon Richard: Yeah, and I think when you were saying that a certain period of jazz ended in 1969, I still think a number of people continued to progress and grow since then. But there was a certain amount of the playing community that decided that what John Coltrane was doing was the peak, the pinnacle of what you could do on the saxophone so they had to sort of sound like that. I think the only way to do something new is to come up with your own sound, processed in your way. I mean you have to sound like the people before you because you have to learn from them, but you also have to meld it and shape it in your own way. I think that is what we are trying to do, and lots of others as well, but I think there is a certain element of the jazz community that wants to sound like a very, very good copy of what went on before and that is kind of...

Demon Stich: ...easy to do and it is a hard thing to get out of, but if you look at those guys, the ones these people are copying, they didn't do that, they learned from the people before them and then took it into a new area and tried to develop their own thing. I think a lot of people miss the point that you have to take your past influences and study and respect them, but then try to come up with something of your own because that is what I think music is all about.

Demon George: Yeah, basically I think any musician should be able to be heard on the radio and recognized immediately without their

name being said. Everybody should aim for that rather than being "preservation hall" musicians although there is a place for that also. I mean we have to keep that going. We have to keep the history of the music alive, but if I was to speak to young musicians I would tell them to find their own sound and it is going to be a harder road to find your own sound and be recognized because there is the challenge of working through the jazz community that sometimes puts pressure on young musicians to sound a certain way or else they won't get the gigs.

One thing I was always wondering about jazz bands is: let's say someone starts improvising, doing something really weird that the others didn't really want to do, can the others take you back, or do they have to follow you where ever you go?

Demon George: That is interesting. I guess you have to stay open because sometimes two members of the band will make two totally opposite decisions in a given moment and sometimes that works! You have to have the total perception of the band, and where the music is going. The hardest thing about playing every night is to not use the same tricks that worked the night before and to be right in the moment. When we are all in tune with the moment it works whether it is dissonant or consonant.

Demon Stich: There has to be some openness and some give and take. It is almost like a relationship because you can't be too set in your ways. The best thing to do is to always come to practise sessions and gigs with an open mind and no preconceived notions on how the music should sound. You should approach the music that way.

Demon Richard: Because the moment is the most important part because it is what is happening now and it is what people are experiencing. I definitely have to agree with the other guys, because I know that certain times it is that holding on to what has happened in the past that has

destroyed the moment and if you do that too much you can become very stale. Because pretty soon the music won't be fun anymore at all. It becomes a job. I mean although it is a job, you can have fun with it.

Demon Stich: That is the danger of success in music, even commercial success, is resting on your laurels because it can tend to make an artist stagnant. You have to be careful.

Demon George: It is because they are afraid to fall, because when you take chances you will fall once in awhile. Most of the time you don't and something really wonderful will happen musically. When we are on stage we have to be aware of the whole scene because sometimes the dance floor will be full of people and it crosses your mind that you want to keep the beat going and keep them dancing and at the same time the music wants to go into this chaotic place. Sometimes I'm confused about what to do, but usually it works out if you balance the beat with the unexpected stuff. Like we were doing a tune in 5/4 last night which, technically, shouldn't be danceable, but they were all dancing quite well to it. It is a tune that is in composition that we are working on, so every night it is quite different. That is one of the nicest things that happens because we have a few tunes that are in there raw state and we know that they will put us in our state of alertness that requires us to be right there.

Demon Stich: Getting back to that point about being flexible, sometimes we will find ourselves playing for people who are really into dancing and so we can accommodate that. Other times we can be in the circumstance where people are really in the mood for listening and then we aren't as concerned with keeping a groove and we can go into other areas. That is part of the flexibility of the band and I don't really look on it as compromising because we like to do it all. Like to play danceable music and I really like to play creative, freer stuff. So, I think that is

one of the strong parts of the band and one of the reasons we can stay alive and stay pretty successful.

On choosing cover tunes.

Demon Richard: We all know the song. We just kind of happen on to these things. I guess we don't do it enough where we sit down and really plan it out. What I like about things recently is that we have gotten away from covers a bit more than usual. We are developing more of our own stuff; and that's good because I've always respected a band that just plays their own music. And yet, I've always really enjoyed interpreting standards or interpreting songs that people know. That's a good way to get people interested in the band because they know the groundwork of the song and then you add your own icing to it and change it. But recently we have been doing mainly Shuffle Demon things. It feeds on itself and it becomes more of an organic unit and more of your own.

If our versions sound original then that is good because that is what we are going for. We aren't doing anything really conscious to make it sound like us. I've always wondered, if someone does a cover exactly the same way the original was done then what is the point. Why

not just listen to the original? With our version of Monk's "I Mean You," I think M o n k would want

you to take his tune and change it a little bit and make it your own and put it out. To me, it's redundant if you are just doing exactly the same thing.

Demon Stich: You are never going to sound as good as Theonius Monk anyway, so why try and play exactly like him. You may as well play like yourself. None of us play the piano professionally, anyway. But these guys don't try to sound like Charlie Rouse or Johnny Griffen, who both played in Monk's band for a number of years.

On classification and genre.

Demon George: I think to make a mark in the music world, you have to have the

magic of being unclassifiable. Look at some of the people who have come out and made names for themselves. They have created a lot of question to whether they are jazz, rock or country. I guess if you can make people talk, and be in the cracks, so to speak, like k.d. lang. Her personality is such that it is unclassifiable with respect to what has gone on before. She has the strength of personality to carve her own way and look how far she's gone. We all have so many different influences in the band, but the combination of the five of us, well, you can't really put your finger on it. That is the way it should be, kind of like a breath of fresh air hopefully.

On the evolution of the band.

Demon Stich: We started out just as a bunch of friends playing on the street. We had no idea that it would turn into what it is now. It's changed quite a bit. I started getting growing, we started getting media attention, we started getting club gigs, we went to Europe for three months in the summer of '85 and we did a busking tour. We came back with our first album, we made a video, we got some grants, we started touring Canada, we did a six week stint at Expo which was a really big thing for us. We got some jazz festival gigs and now it's really been growing musically. We've been exploring new territories. We'd been in Europe in the spring for six weeks and we had some real gigs, playing on the street. We're going to be spending a lot of time there this year. We're starting to explore different markets. We're just taking it day by day and it sure is a lot different than it used to be.

Demon Richard: The nice thing about it was there were no preconceptions. Five of us didn't get together and go, "Okay, we want to create this nice jazz pop band, make videos and all that." We didn't have this kind of mind. It was just like, "Just have fun, make some extra cash, blah blah blah." It grew on its own. It was like a plant or something that we just kept feeding and watering and watched it grow.

It's hard to be disappointed. There are disappointments along the way but over all, it was a fluke. So any positive thing you get out of it is wonderful.

On "East Berlin Angst."

Demon Richard: It's a true story. We went over to Germany when the climate wasn't so nice and friendly as it is now. The East Berliners are great people and we really like them. They are very laid back and do not worry at all. They are hardly goal or success oriented at all. Yet, the border guards were still quite stringent. On our recent tour we, unfortunately, didn't get back to Berlin. We ended up in some small Bavarian towns instead of heading up north to Berlin for the wall smashing.

Demon Stich: We saw a lot of little East German cars on the Autobahn. That was about the closest we got to East Germany.

Demon George: What about the fashion show? We played a fashion show in Hoff, Germany. We played this event where it was The Shuffle Demons from Canada and some East German models demonstrating their new modern clothes. So, we did a few tunes and they did a few clothes demonstrations. It was actually quite successful and interesting. The West Germans had a new experience also, seeing the East German models, as much as it was a new experience seeing us from Canada.

Demon Richard: It was interesting. There have been lots of changes there, but I think that it is unfortunate that they will be swallowed up by the fast food chains or whoever will get in there first and exploit it. They were really unhappy with not having democracy as part of their political system, but they were really fortunate by having free university, a chance to get a job and stuff like medical care and they liked that. They wanted to strike a happy medium between their eastern socialist world and the new western one. I don't think they

COND'N PAGE 21.....

The Dead Milkmen

Town Pump
Wednesday, June 27

Talk to me about a "Methodist Coloring Book": the best song all night, sung by Joe. There was no artificial energy directed at some repressed group that they feel sorry for; these are Philadelphians, Americans!, but, unlike Graham Greene's, not quiet ones. The whole floor of The Pump was overcome by the contagious dynamic of the band which led to the traditional celebratory stage dives etc., etc.

Not too novel overall except it has been a while since I've seen the audience humiliated by a performer they paid to see. I last saw it at The Waterboys' gig on Halloween when Mike Scott essentially told an overzealous fan to shut up and then mimicked the person's western howl (the one accompanied by the flailing arm). At this gig, Rodney, the lead singer, directed the audience in various dance manoeuvres and a chant, The Honkey: "Dear, I think the new neighbors are ethnic." The Vancouver audience served as puppets, served as fools.

Later, I asked Rodney, "Do you believe in God?" At first he said no. When he saw that I was serious he said he did but not the same kind of God that other people believe in. Being an enquiring and easily swayed mind, I wanted to know more. So I, from a pseudo-devout Roman Catholic background, dared to ask. Rodney talked spasmodically about The Church of Sub-Genius: an elitist group for the non-elite. It has something to do with an alien attack by Bob who will take away the "chosen people" on July 5, 1998, but I didn't find out at what time.

Toni-Lynn

Robyn Hitchcock
Tom Lee Music Hall
Wednesday, July 11

He strode on stage with his guitar and started one of his many hilarious and impromptu stories. This one was about how he fulfilled his contractual obligation by merely walking from his dressing room to the stage and remaining behind the stage curtains. He mused that this frustrated the audience since we could see the curtains rippling. He also claimed that between the folds of the curtains was a time vortex containing hippies and aging rock 16 DISCORDER

stars perennially waiting backstage.

The music of Robyn Hitchcock was just as wonderful and wacky. I'm not a big fan of "folk" music, but Hitchcock and his guitar were entrancing. Songs such as "Madonna of the Wasps" and "My Wife and My Dead Wife," really attracted attention to the man's unusual guitar stylings and, more importantly, his bizarre lyrics. Sometimes he would cock his head, seeming to think up the next tall tale on the spot.

For two hours I was transported through the bizarre and mercifully air-conditioned world of Hitchcock and woe to you who missed it.

June Scudeler

Caterwaul
Town Pump
Sunday, July 1

Led by a powerhouse singer named Betsy Martin, Caterwaul was as hard and melodic as on their latest release, "Portent Hue."

Martin is the focus of this hard rockin' band. Although she's not very large physically, she has a strong wailing voice that sounded as impressive live as it does on tape. The rest of the band tended to stay in the background, providing a throbbing backdrop for her.

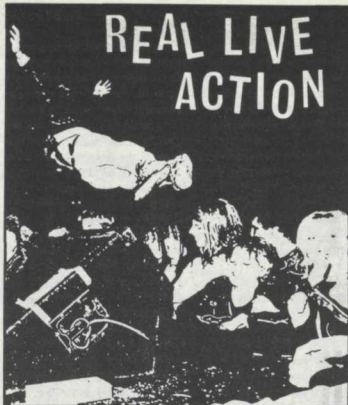
Unfortunately, as wonderful as Caterwaul was, the crowd seemed to suffer from the "Sunday Night in Vancouver" syndrome. People had a tendency to gawk at the band as if they had never seen one before. Too bad for the band, expending a lot of energy for very little response, but hopefully next time people will be more awake and appreciative.

June Scudeler

Mudhoney
The International Motorsports Garage, Seattle, WA
Saturday, July 14

I arrived in Seattle mid-afternoon and scrambled to some of the local record stores, just managing to procure two Mudhoney tickets for the big gig that evening.

Although I had second thoughts once we arrived at the International Motorsports Garage, after about an hour of waiting we were finally let inside. The first thing I noticed was that the auto garage



was swathed in black polypropylene garbage bags, which obviously made things a lot warmer. Sweat began to drip down my back.

This atmosphere seemed to get the crowd going, kids tossing each other about, and the first band hadn't even gone on yet. Beat Happening went up first; I don't know much about this three piece but they seemed subdued and

ing ex-Milkshake Billy Childish, who also contributed to Mudhoney's latest single. Three Headcoats were ultimately primitive; it sounded like they weren't mic'd through the P.A. They sounded cavernous. Childish and co. wore matching Sherlock Holmes' hats and they were polite, bowing after every song.

After a short-
pile,



rather
quirky.

They wove a web of rather interesting sounds but very few of the audience members got caught up by it. I guess the crowd was expecting a more powerful blast.

Three Headcoats took the stage right afterwards, featur-

the reason
why everyone
was there: Mudhoney! As soon as they launched into their first song, the crowd went into spasms. Mudhoney washed over the mass and kicked out the jams. They looked great just coming off

their jaunt to the U.K., all sporting newly shorn locks except Matt. Steve Turner looked rather collegiate although you wouldn't think so after witnessing his guitar acrobatics, including a headstand. Dan Peters was equally frantic, flailing away with unequalled tenacity on his drum kit. The audience showed approval by stage diving like mad. Mark Arm reminded the faithful that it was Ladies' Night and it was the ladies' turn to stage dive but only a few brave female souls took up the offer.

The few things that marred the gig were the sound and a few other technical glitches, caused by the constant stage diving. One song was stopped midway because Steve's guitar gave out.

It was tremendous to see the energy they give off and I was kind of disappointed Billy Childish came back on stage to do his collaboration song with the band.

All in all, it was a perfect setting: an abandoned garage for three garage bands. Couldn't ask for anything better.

Greg Garlick

Oliver Jones
Jazz Fest

Oliver Jones opened the Vancouver Jazz Festival at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre in splendid style. The Montreal piano player put on a fine solo display for a packed enthusiastic audience.

I was worried that I would be bored by a solo piano concert but from the first song I, like everyone else, was totally captivated by Jones' mastery of his instrument and his excellent handling of his audience. Sensing how the crowd was feeling at all times, he adjusted his song selection accordingly.

Most performers have a definite style, but Jones' combined blues, jazz, boogie-woogie, gospel, classical and many other influences made him impossible to categorize. This amazing flexibility was the major reason he drew such a diverse crowd yet satisfied everyone. Jones played fast Ray Charles-like songs and mixed them with some beautiful, lyrical Keith Jarrett-like

ones.

His personal style was as great as his musical talent. In between songs he joked about Canada and being "the white sheep of the family," smiling all the while. After playing his set, he took open requests from the audience including Waltzing Matilda, Misty, Stella by Starlight and an excellent, super fast version of Cheek to Cheek, much to everyone's delight.

It was all a lot of fun, and I still can't believe I enjoyed a jazz concert without a saxophone in it. Oliver Jones' trio's current release is 'Just Friends', featuring trumpet player Clark Terry.

Tommy Paley

Mike Stern/Bob Berg Band
Jazz Fest

A friend of mine once said that good music can never be played loud enough, but bad music sounds worse the louder it is. This philosophy applies to the music of the Mike Stern/Bob Berg Band as their music is very loud and, at the same time, really good. For myself, it is interesting that I like their electric jazz fusion because my belief was that electric instruments have no place in jazz and that the electric guitar and the saxophone cannot both be used as lead instruments effectively in the same song. This concert changed my mind.

How the band combined Stern's incredible power on the guitar with Berg's lightning attack on the tenor sax I don't know, but it worked. The two worked so well together, sharing the lead in every song and complimenting each other instead of taking anything away from the music. One final good note was the incredible drumming of Dennis Chambers. He did the most amazing ten minute solo, bringing down the house and convincing me that he's going to be one of the big names in drumming in the years ahead.

Another great festival crowd thoroughly enjoyed the show, but I got very tired about 3/4 of the way through because the energy in the music never let up and it was an exhausting experience. This music really lends itself well towards live performance and thus comes across quite flat on tape. Although I do recommend both Stern's and Berg's new releases, I strongly suggest you catch them live next time around.

Tommy Paley

The Stranglers

10
(CBS)

These four guys are like gods to me, and each time they release something new I can't help thinking, "What happens if this is shit?"

Deep sigh of relief. All of you clustering about the New Releases stand at A&B can relax and fork over the dough. Not only is this album great, it carries quite a whallop. Judging from their last full album of new material, "Dreamtime," I was expecting something quiet: not this. Personally, I'm waiting for my eviction notice. The old broad who lives upstairs probably knows the words to all the songs by now.

The band, working this time with producer Roy Thomas Baker, have trapped a whole truck load of power onto this one. There is no trace of their softer side which surfaced on the last three or four albums. No one who is a fan of their older, punkish work can now complain that The Stranglers have lost their guts.

Okay, so they do a cover: "96 Tears." But they're able to take a dog-eared, overplayed C-15L favourite and inject it with the same life that they've given to the rest of the album. At only 35 minutes in length its ten bouncy little tunes have a certain freshness which hasn't really proliferated since the days of The Zombies or Tommy James. And can Hugh Cornwell sing or what? At the start of "Man of the Earth," I have to sit down and think Holy Shit!

Of course, 10 is worth buying just to have a picture of J.J. Burnel dressed up as Maggie Thatcher.

Brent Copeland

Guru Josh
Infinity 12"
(BMG)

It seems that the UK has cornered the market on house and other styles of dance music in that vein. Here's another artist from the UK whom I had never heard of before and will probably never hear of again. There are a lot of artists into this type of music who release one or two cuts and then you never hear from them again. Guru Josh has put out the single "Infinity-1990's-Time for the Guru."

"Infinity" is a light track that gives one the feeling of walking in outer space and dancing with angels. The cut is centred around the trance

inducing sounds of a saxophone and flows into breaks along the lines of Gino Latino and S-Express. A nice light snack just before bed. Also check out the "Spacey Saxophone" mix on the B-side.

Noah Grant

Nick Cave
The Good Son
(Mute)

Yes, ol' Nick is back, off heroin and with a new found spirituality. Many musicians find that the most creative periods in their lives coincide with periods of intense chemical abuse and have the dilemma of continuing with the hedonism, making great music, and doing a wonderful rock 'n' roll death, or cleaning up and hoping that their creativity stays with them. Nick Cave has taken the tough road and used it to his advantage.

This album sounds for the most part like a collection of twisted Deep South gospel songs. It's a direction that Nick and his band The Bad Seeds have been headed since the early days. I think they've captured the essence of the Negro spiritual so perfectly



"Father why are all the children weepin'?"

Oh they are merely cryin' son.

Oh are they merely crying Father?

Yes, the weepin' is yet to come."

Typically with Nick

Kool Rock Jay and the DJ
Silce

Tales from the Dope Side
(BMG/Jive)

These guys fall right into the rapidly expanding field of smooth (or over-produced) rap. They do have positive messages in most of their

fastest tempo and faster rap. This song uses the sample "cause I'm notorious" from LL Cool J in addition to KRJ's ample rapping of the same phrase.

It's good to hear a lot of scratching on this album as it seems to be appearing less and less on records these days, but unfortunately they are all the same style. This album sounds pretty good and is better than some of them out there, but you won't find any revelations here.

Adam Sloan

CMX
Kolmikiarki
(Bad Vugum)

Maarti feels discontented as this is his last summer of freedom before having to serve in the army and then look for a job. He disembarks from the tramway in a small, grey suburb of Helsinki near the dark, moody woods which border the endless 'realm of a thousand lakes,' lakes which are always a silvery steel colour under the weak nordic sun.

"Paska! I'm bored!" he

Germany to study in a university.

He walks up the six flights of stairs to the fifty-six square metre social housing apartment which is the pride of his parents. As usual he is alone. He lies restlessly on his bed, staring at the posters on the wall of his musical heroes: The Sex Pistols, Husker Du, and Terveet Kadet. But his favourite band of late is a new group called CMX. He likes CMX's new album, "Kolmikiarki" because it is so much different than all the relentless Finnish hardcore which he blares in his ears all evening long. CMX is as good as all those bands from Germany, England, and America who somehow always seem to pass Helsinki by...

Meanwhile, on a sunny, relaxing day in the plush, delicately scented "listening lounge" of CITR Radio, a content, perhaps even happy, dj, all spiffy in his latest edut-shirt and neon jammies and a little giddy from his second cafe latte of the day, touches the needle down on the opening track of CMX's "Kolmikiarki" in his dedicated weekly study of new releases received at the station. Instantly he is struck by the power and intensity of the album, but also its skill, variety, and the growling voice of the lead vocalist who sounds like a cross between Bob Mould and The Muppet Show's Swedish Chef. CMX is not like all those other Finnish hardcore bands, which are so sparse and monotonous. At least these guys seem a little more happy, the dj thinks. And each track seems to sound so different—sometimes folksy and methodical, and other times hard rockin' 'and solid thrashin', tight enough to make all the NoMeansNo-niks take note.

But why are the nordic types always so depressed? the dj muses. They consistently have the world's highest standard of living, they are the oldest living people next to the Japanese, and they have all those fjords and glaciers. Maybe it's having to drive all those boxy Volvos? Or is that only in Sweden? And, come to think of it, where the heck is Finland anyhow? All this thinking has made the dj quite fatigued. Carefully recording CMX's "Kolmikiarki" album in his notes, he decides to take the rest of the afternoon off and go down to the beach and get a Pepsi.

J. Boldt & P. Sickert

AUGUST 1990 17



that it's hard to believe that the music is being produced by an anemic Australian with a German band, some of whom spend their time terrorizing with Einstürzende Neubaten.

The album is full of the usual Cave-isms-Pain, Loss, the Outlaw, and above all, throughout the entire album, Sadness. Check out this verse from "The Weeping Son":

Cave, the sadness is often accompanied by black humour and even wallowing delight. I never was a fan of those rock 'n' roll deaths, believing that music is not one of the few things worth dying for. It's good to see such a strong album from the detoxed Nick Cave. Now what's Shane McGowan up to these days?

Peter Lutwyche

songs but they've already been put on wax by the likes of Public Enemy and BDP. Their sound is very relaxed which can be good, but they rely too much on already proven beats (you can hear the funky drummer in three tracks!) to which they add bass lines, scratching and rapping. "Notorious," the first song on "The Slice Side," is an obvious single with its

mutters to himself. He's tired of menacing the suburbs with his gang of fellow moped buddies, and he doesn't have enough money to pay for the beer which makes hanging out in the square all day more tolerable. And he's tired of his parents always complaining about his hair, his clothes and his musical tastes. And to make matters worse, Jutta, his girlfriend, has just gone off to



MY FAMOUS MISTAKES

BY JB HOHM



Calgary. During the Stampede. Hot July days when oil company employees dress up as if they are cowboys. Any excuse to party.

The backyard was crawling with Land Office personnel, and spouses of Land Office personnel, the males wearing cowboy hats and string ties. The living room and kitchen were occupied by engineering types from Reservoir and Exploration - boots, dungarees, plaid shirts, neckerchiefs - one guy had a holster with what I hoped were toy guns. Another one, quite drunk, stopped me. He put a hand under my chin and lifted my head till our eyes met. He breathed in my face, "Who are you, boy?" Then he laughed. A woman who gets off the elevator one floor below mine pulled him away from me and apologized. "I think you want downtown," she said.

Downstairs, the rumormongers were a heterogeneous mix of smaller departments including, somewhat to my relief, a knot of faces from the Computing Center. I exchanged "Wha'tcha drinkin' pardner?" with a few of them and then our sentences became punctuated with difficult pauses and long glances down at the cans of beer in our hands.

Thankfully, one of the other programmers started to complain about the latest specs for her production graph package. In quick order several pieces of conversation started in our circle: the threat of another operating system upgrade, IBM suffocation of the industry, and the merits of C relative to FORTRAN. I didn't say much, which is the way I am when these same people talk around the office 18 DISORDER

coffee maker.

I noticed, on my way downstairs, a guitar leaning against an unfinished laundry room wall. An engineer - I think he was in Research - saw it too, and now he was strumming the first few changes of 'Stairway to Heaven.' His fingers stumbled over the F major seventh and he restarted the song, but lost it in the same spot. He began a third time, playing faster, as if momentum would carry him through, but he missed the F seven again. Following his fifth try I took the battered Gibson from him and tuned it. Only as an afterthought did I trip through a few half-remembered bass lines.

I did a run of twelve bar blues, and looked up to see personnel gathered around me. They weren't all Computer personnel either. People from other departments - some of whom I recognized: Brad, or maybe Brian, Offshore; the man with clenching teeth, Accounting; the lady with silver roots, Mail Room - were listening as well. I was out of practice and playing an acoustic guitar instead of my electric bass, still, they thought I was pretty good. They bunched around me, careful not to touch the guitar neck, while I ran through everything I knew.

It was my supervisor's wife who asked me if I played in a band. "Well, I used to," I said, "but we, I mean me - I, only played in public once."

"Oh yeah, what were you called?" It was the "Stairway to Heaven" engineer who asked this.

I tried to say "The Mistakes," but my tongue faintly slipped on the "t's" and my band's name came out "The Misses Stake." Upstairs a stereo played Deep Purple, but I hadn't

noticed it until then. Now I could name the particular song and the album it was from. "The Mistakes" I repeated, partly to correct my pronunciation and partly to break the stillness which suddenly gripped the basement.

The "underground music scene" was generally ignored by the entertainment sections of the local daily papers, and The Mistakes were no exception. We did, however, get a momentary splash of publicity from the city news desks. Our lead singer, Chris Miss, died following a gig, the one where I made my debut and final appearance. There's something about the photo caption "A Fatal Mistake" that obviously sticks in people's minds. I say "obviously" because there was a white-haired geologist at my elbow who remembered some of the story. He finally said, after everyone in the room had been silent for at least fifteen seconds, "The Fatal Mistakes? I thought everybody in that, er, rock group killed themselves?"

"No," someone else said, "just their drummer. Choked on vomit." A few personnel laughed.

"Stairway to Heaven" spoke up again, "No. It was their lead singer. O.D. didn't he?" He looked at me for confirmation. "You mean you played in that Fatal Mistake?"

I bought my bass and amp from a friend's older brother. He had been laid off from Dome Petroleum and needed to pay off a credit card. I always wanted to play an instrument - actually, piano would have been my first choice, but when I heard he was selling his bass, not even my

parents could dissuade me. By my second year of university, bass had become the way I unwound after classes. It was relaxing, my release, to sit on my bed and run through scales. Even when the assistant kept me at the terminals past midnight I would still practice for a few minutes before I turned in. If there was time I would invent riffs, five or six notes long. I'd play them over and over, my fingers locked in a pattern of movement and sound. It would possess me: I would find myself posing in pajamas before my dresser mirror, the neck of my black Fender pumping like an oil well. Eventually it would wind down, the riff would lose its power. I would set down my bass, unplug my amp, — the volume control set below "2" so as not to disturb my folks — shut off the light, and be asleep in minutes.

There's a bulletin board in this music store just south of downtown. On it, between notices of guitars for sale and upcoming concerts, one can find slips of paper which say things like "Ear bleeding guitarist wishes to join or start band. Cramps, V.U., Psychic T.V., Early Floyd. See Max at the National" or "Wanted: drummer for all-girl slug-a-billy outfit. Must have own kit. Verm. 283-2097."

Close to the end of my third year I put up my own notice. At home I had printed on a sheet of loose leaf "Matthew Flat, Bass, 260-1996." On the way to the store, however, I reworked it several times and decided on "Bitchin' bassist looking for band - Mat Flat 260-1996."

I stopped waiting for the phone to ring about the same time my summer job started. It was my first computer job, and

although I was just a tape librarian, it was a big step up from stapling boxes together or sorting geological samples. I took the train downtown, standing, my elbows level with those of secretaries, clerks, and men in two-piece suits. Instead of runners and T-shirts, I began wearing black leather shoes, dress shirts and sweaters. I even bought three ties - a red one with tiny white dots, a baby blue one with little shields, and a yellow one with stripes.

Coming home one Monday, I found a phone message taken by my mother.

Matthew, *Stiff* (crossed out) *Steve Prickly* called you about rock business, 220-3992

One phone call later and I was in a band. A week later, one rehearsal, one gig, and that band was history. We practiced on a Wednesday night in a warehouse near the old airport terminal. Not including me, there were two members of the band present: the lead guitarist, Stiv Prickly, and a girl who didn't speak, or play, or do much of anything that night.

"That's our drummer, MT, like in empty space." I tried to shake her hand but she pulled away.

"Our ex-bassist covered out on us," Stiv told me.

"Covered out?" I said.

"Yeah, right now that heavy metaloid, out, bozo is playing covers in a union bar band. Been practicing with them without telling us for over a month. Found out last week and gave him the run. Damn cover band. We," Stiv said this with some Me. "We don't do covers. All original material."

"Oh," I said.

"Anyway, we're supposed to warm up for the Fury Heads

this Friday. That's where you come in."

"Fury Heads?"

"Yeah, it'll be packed with underaged skateboard punks - but what can you do, eh? A gig's a gig."

"Wait, I don't know any songs yet."

"Don't sweat bullets, you'll do okay. We'll just put you down a little in the mix."

He started showing me songs. "This is called 'Eyes are Fire.' Goes C-F-C G-F-C. He played it and expected me to join in. When I caught up he said "Okay, we do this six times and then there's a break in G 'n' F, like this." I stopped and asked him what kind of bass line he wanted. He looked at me as if I was strange, "Hey, when we're in G, just play something G, and dammit, don't get fancy." He went on with the lesson. "This is called 'The Ninth Hour' and it goes C D and then down to your E." The songs kept coming; the titles and tunes piled up in my mind: "Scoured Flesh" in F B flat and C, "The Return" in F and E, "Forbidden My Children" in G, "Mustard Seed" in G flat minor, "Betrayal," "Unverified Stigma," "Forgiveness." They began to run together, all sound the same. "His Head on His Coin," "something Harvest," "Spewed Out of Mouth," "Pierced in the Side." Finally he stopped.

"Crazy titles," I said. "Are there more?"

"Yeah, Chris writes them."

"Chris?"

"Oh yeah, Chris Miss, our lead screamer. We don't practice with him. Too wired."

"Wired?"

"Hyper - you know. Worked up. Out of control."

It may seem strange, but the strongest memory I have of

Continued on page 26

There have been summers here at Local Motion when we've received one or two demo tapes in a week (maybe all the musicians were on tour, or off tree-planting)—but this month has brought ten local tapes and twenty-four from out of town. Obviously, there isn't room to review them all, so, for anyone who's interested, here's how some kinds of demos are given priority. First of all, bands (whether from Vancouver or somewhere else) that play the Vancouver clubs quite often will almost always get reviewed. But the band (or artist) has to fit into that giant category of "alternative" to get playlisted at CYTR in the first place, so, for example, Top 40-type heavy metal isn't likely to get written about here, unless maybe there's a specific point to be made. But if there are too many tapes from locally known artists to fit into this space, or not enough, this humble reviewer practices a more personal method of selection. Sometimes that means not writing about styles of music I don't feel

Obviously all this means that Local Motion has its limitations, but just remember that Disorder is always looking for more writers, so anyone who's interested in helping out with reviews should call the station (228-3017) and offer their services.

This month's demos include new selections from the extremely good (and deservedly popular) Paula Rempel and Bruce A and the Secular Atavists cassettes, that I'd just like to mention again even though they've already been reviewed here: "I Ride My Horse" and "Everyday" respectively. And now for the newer additions:

@#&! (pronounced "Cartoon Swear"), "Long Face." This always quirky sounding band seems to move toward something closer to rock and roll here, while still retaining their distinctive style. At least there's a tune discernible even to fans of easier-to-listen-to types of music, a repetitive and catchy groove, and a beat, adding up to what's probably their most accessible offering yet.



the Rainwalkers, Memory Day has some of the same shortcomings as that other North Shore band. While both songs are very pretty, with lots of acoustic guitar and, in the case of "Death of a Friend," violins too, they aren't breaking any new ground. Everything sounds sensitive and subdued; the

ing to stay out late Saturday nights. These are good songs, but whatever energy is here tends to get weighed down by the production (especially in the case of "Death of a Friend," with its not-quite-real-sounding violins). A video or two with the singer shyly looking (with big, sensitive eyes) into the camera and then down at his guitar ought to ensure Memory Day a place in the hearts of Grapes of Wrath fans.

The Picasso Set.—"Bitter Lemon," "Toytown." Another subdued release—this is the slowest and quietest so far from The Picasso Set. Both songs are quite nicely recorded (in an all-night session at Profile), with Ian Noble on drums. "Bitter Lemon" has a sound quite reminiscent of circa '67 Beatles, especially in the intro, making the more '90s, synthetic keyboards that are throughout most of the song appear a little incongruous. In that sense, "Toytown" is more successful, but I have to admit that I don't get the joke, written on my cassette label, that this song is about the West Van Planning Department. So far, The Picasso Set's sound has been most successful when the instruments and production are an authentic '60s kind of fast-moving pop, complemented by Dave Lea-Smith's heart-felt (and Tom Verlaine-esque) vocals—here everything seems to be slowed down just a little, and more than a little sad. Vancouver isn't kind to pop bands, and I wonder if it's this realization that's

given this group's most recent tape its introspective and somewhat melancholy flavour. If so, I hope someone can cheer the band up just a little bit.

Video Barbeque.—"Subway 5 p.m.," "The Stegasaurus Stomp." Video Barbeque is a lot lighter, more focused, and yes, accessible, here than I remember them—this 6-song cassette even includes a cover of the "Mission Impossible" theme. "Subway," which is full of loud horns and interspersed with lots of voices saying things like "I can't believe I missed the bus," is indeed noisy and fast-moving. In "Stegasaurus Stomp," the singer is self-possessed enough to ask the dancing dinosaurs, "What about extinction?" Loud, big jazz with growly vocals, real wit, and plenty of finger snapping. All in all, lots of energy here, and a very slick product.

Planet of Spiders.—"Place I Found," "Carnival." This five song tape (recorded at Fluid Studios) is much better produced than their previous demo, and the songs are quite a bit different sounding, too: "Carnival" could almost have been inspired by the Replacements; "Place I Found" even features some acoustic guitar. While the vocals are a little sloppy, Planet of Spiders is apparently quite successfully settling into a sound, perhaps better heard on a song from the tape that wasn't playlisted. "I Was," a really good example of the hard pop tradition, with growly singing and a style sometimes like the Gruesomes.

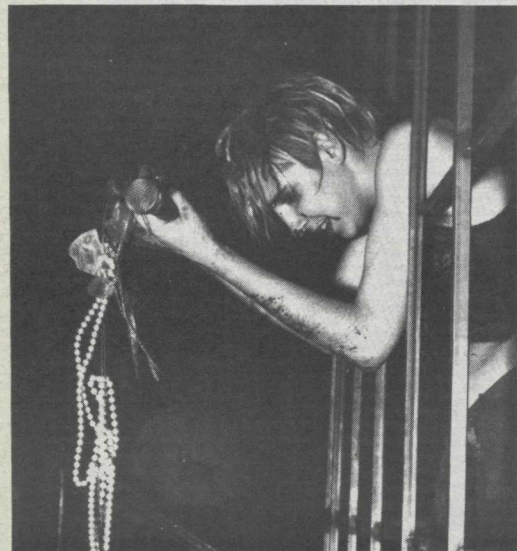
Uneven Steps.—"Censor the Bible." Someone should warn Evan Symons about the danger of sending out cassette inserts that say things like: "Here's some tunes to wretch [sic] over" (a lot of reviewers would be tempted to agree). But you have to admit, the leader of Uneven Steps (now without Dirt drummer Jennifer Orme) is nothing if not hard-working, and, demonstrating Symons' ongoing search for a sound, "Censor the Bible" is quite different from the band's last demo. This is a pretty standard hard-rock guitar song, with dreadful singing and, for a time, a tempo that gradually slows down and

speeds up.

Emily Faryna.—"Ding-A-Ling," "Lonely Sunday." This 6-song cassette, The Return of the Repressed, recorded at Bullfrog and in West Berlin, is available in stores or by mail-order through Spiral Records. And this is the same Emily, I believe, who gave us "I've Got a Steel Bar in My Head," back in the early-mid '80s. Emily still has her sense of humour. "Ding-A-Long" is musical accompaniment could just as easily be heard in a cheesy monster movie, and in the case of "Lonely Sunday" it's almost a synth disco parody. As for the lyrics, the extreme delay on the vocals (especially with the second song) means it's just about impossible to make them out, which is a shame. Does this mean we'll just have to go see one of her performances? It's probably not a bad idea.

Like Rain.—"Fremont, Nearly Midnight." The band's from Seattle; the cassette, called Razorblade Shoes, is in the stores; and these ten songs were recorded at Conrad Uno's 8-track Egg Studios (home of the Young Fresh Fellows and Fastbacks, among others). This is a duo that would be perfect at the Railway, but I don't think they've been able to come up to Vancouver yet. The production on the tape is nice, the sound is simple (violin, vocals, and guitar), and all the songs are good. This song, in particular, has a funny, almost medieval quality musically, while the wailing vocals tell the sad story of waiting for a drug dealer of the opposite sex. Like Rain's fresh sound is not quite folk-pop, and somewhat like Lou Reed. A high-quality cassette.

Watch Children.—"Kinda Retarded." Also American, but this time from New Jersey. The note on the tape cover, "Ex-Laughing Soupdish," doesn't help me a lot, but I have a personal weakness for any band with song titles like "Go-Go Action Girl," "Coconut Life-saver," and "Watermelon Soup," and these titles do say it all. Love them or hate them, the Watch Children play quick simple garage-pop songs with (no kidding) silly lyrics. Often funny, always sincere-sounding.



qualified to review, and sometimes it just means choosing my personal favourites of a given month.

Memory Day.—"Addiction and Devotion," "Death of a Friend." Managed by Brian Watson, former drummer for

lyrics and vocals give the impression of well-bred, stoic suffering that's so attractive to teen-aged girls just start-

It all started innocently enough as a lame, square trip down to Seattle, in a desperate attempt to catch wah-wah fuzzbox lords Mudhoney at perhaps their last gig for a "little" while. Yeah, those munsters of Northwest rawk didn't disappoint either: it was such an intense happening that even Tad, Seattle's big huge piece of shit equivalent to Randy Bachman, stagedove into the huge all-ages crowd. So after three and a half hours of pure Seattle puget power I left the International Motor Sports Garage with the feeling I'd seen the wildest, most un-Tom Cochrane like concert a loser could imagine. But to top it all off, upon leaving the Emerald City, in my possession was one treasured Betty Page "Captured Jungle-Girl 3D" Magazine purchased earlier in the day from Fallout Records and Skateboards. Sure I bought a few other 'zines; however, none could compare to seeing Betty Page in 3D.

Indeed, Ms. Page is a fitting reminder of all that was pure in the 1950's-black hair, conservative bathing suits, and weaved ropes. Weaved ropes? No joke, Betty Page

I digress. It is interesting to note that comix have, in the last five years, begun to be appreciated as more than just a staple of children's free time. Up until the mid-late eighties comix were still primarily seen as a source of entertainment for illiterate adults, nerdish adolescents, or precocious children. Then, somewhere in time, attitudes shifted. In the shadow of Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein the avant garde of east coast culture stamped their seal of approval on vehicles such as RAW and artists such as Joote Swart. The spectre of illegitimacy that had plagued comix since the mid-late fifties began vanishing into the night. Not that the plodders who hack away on creating the seven millionth Batman story have begun receiving invitations to swanky dinner parties and chi-chi gallery openings, but, in fact, there has been a subtle shift in the direction of people's attentions.

This subtle shift is occurring in direct correlation with another emerging media that has also changed the way people think about what it is and what it does. In 1985, the first computer sporting the GUI or graphical user interface was made commercially available. This interface was 180° turnaround from anything that had come before. Not only did it make the relationship between the computer and the person using it easier and more intuitive, it also made it easier to understand what was being done.

It has been speculated that



actually allowed herself to be tied up for smelly 1950's rags in various states of undress. Rarely showing flesh, and often mock catfishing other beauties in battles climaxed by tame spanking, Ms. Page has quietly become one of the most popular relics of post-

war America. Her exploits have been documented in a wide range of publications: Rolling Stone, Film Threat, Spin and, as an added bonus to all ya Betty lovers, there's THE BETTY PAGES, a bite-sized juicy journal devoted exclusively to "the woman."

Nevertheless, despite her legitimacy, the following conversation took place between me, a boyish victim of the popular culture, and Canada Customs.

C.C. How long ya been away?
N.T.H.S. About 15 hours.

Where were ya?
At a rock concert in Seattle.
What band?
Mudhoney.
What are ya bringing back?
Seven dollars worth of magazines.
What type?
Rock magazines.

Let's see one.
I show her the other 'zine in my possession, Psychotronic Video. After pondering for a bit she says,
You're going to have to go inside.

Inside Canada Customs:
This is okay [pointing to Psychotronic Video], but you're not going to be able to take this [Betty Page 3-D Comix Book] over the border.

Why?
It's Bondage.
C'mon, it's from 1950.
If you murdered someone in 1950, it would still be murder today.

No, you'd be on parole!
We can't let you take this over the border.

Was I stupid in buying this then?

This magazine depicts Bondage, and although you could probably buy one like it downtown, you can't take it across the border. Do you want to place a claim?

Aww, Aww...Forget it! Betty Page's popular enough in Canada.

And with that statement, I abandoned to the crown one Betty Page "Captured Jungle Girl 3-D" Magazine. Ahh shit. ☹



the human sense of sight is as important to us as is the sense of smell to a dog; that our visual organs are the brain's first sensory probe into any evolutionary experience. Be that as it may, we like to watch. We like to watch, but by the time we're five we've seen it all. What is left but the practical manifestation of alternate realities? The ability to render and perceive renderings has been a powerful ally of consciousness since the first cave

drawings in Lascaux. As we have become more sophisticated in our design of civilizations, so have we become more precise in our renderings of and our beliefs about the world in which we live. Imagine that the first person to draw on a cave wall left the cave totally imbued with the power such an act of majesty allowed them. Now imagine that the population of Flin Flin, Manitoba suddenly, overnight, stopped watching television and

started to create in their spare time. Would anyone starve on their streets? Would everyone sleep better at night?

The graphic interface has been with us a long time but up until the last little while has been the private domain of the elites of our culture. For example, the King who endlessly gazed at the portrait by Da Vinci or the Empress who held the marble icons of another culture in the palm of her hand. What comix did at the turn of the century was to program visualization into the minds of the everyperson. This of course coincides with the birth of the American dream in which a poor person from Hell's Kitchen could brave all odds and rise to the top. Before 1900 poor people simply did not rise to the top of anything other than the manure pile and rarely there if at all. But comix brought along fantasy which spoke of possibilities and the belief that things could be better than they were. People began to make room for change like they never had before.

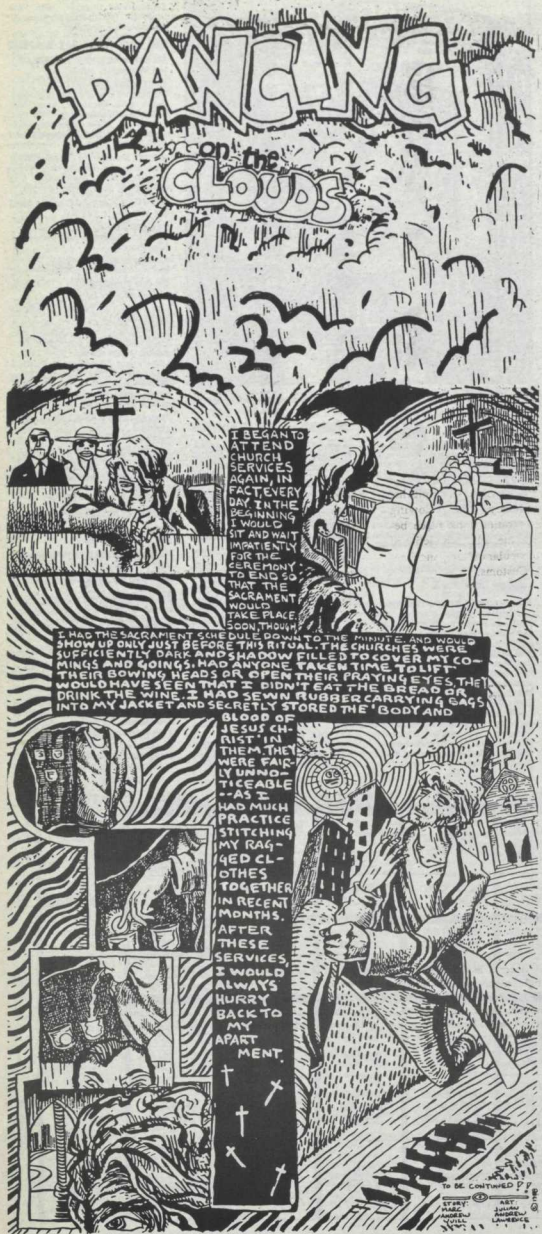
Radio, the primal tool of visualization, made room for motion pictures which in turn made room for television which allowed for personal computers which are clearing a path for interactives which will create the maps for virtuality. As well, each age of technology brings with it a social conscience that improves upon the one before. Now imagine, if you will, a technology that, this, impels us to be creative, introspective, and involved. It would

serve as a psychic mirror ready to show us how we see the world as we lose our way. It would be an active part of our lives in that it would combine the communication aspect of the telephone and the visual impact of television with the interactive process involved in reading a book. Yet it would demand that we create in order to use it. We could not, as with tv, film, and radio, sit back and have the experience wash over us like water on sand. It would be useless without direct involvement of the creative principle. And it would stagger us with the intensity of the experience we would get from it's use. What if it was five years away from being as common as the Walkman?

Our culture seems on the verge of changing as has never been seen before. The first tentative steps towards global disarmament have just been taken. The planet has just exhaled the bad air of fifty years and is ready to take another breath. Whether the air we breath is clean or dirty is up to us. How we use technology is more important than what technology we use. This is not to say that if we banned our slag in a cleaner, more efficient way that the forests would be less damaged. It is only to suggest that any awareness of the effects of technology on our thoughts and actions may lead us to a place where we can comprehend the whole of our thoughts and actions. Thus, the tool is compelling the toolmaker to learn about itself.

So the tribe is relearning how to learn and the image of how to do so is firmly planted in our heads. That the imagination has played and will play a large role in the future of the world. But it is accepted that only in a state of flexible creativity can we learn fast enough what it is we need to know? Comix like Harvey Pekar's American Splendor, Chester Brown's Yummy Fur and Collis Upton's Big Thing are clearing the way for non-artists to put their lives in a healthy perspective with the creative use of interactive technologies. The autobiographical/introspective nature of their work is a valid reflection of the times we will soon be telling with found sounds, images, and words. The ability to communicate one's story is found in parallel with the ability to communicate one's needs. The smart money sez that our needs in the upcoming decade of change will reflect the improved social conscience of a culture in the midst of a new technology. (There is little conscience until we are conscious.)

This will be the last installment of "Comix" by Leigh R. Wolf.



have the chance anymore because they have been thrown in the fast lane with the rest of the Mercedeses. But what can you do?

Demon Stich: It was also interesting talking to some of the underground West Germans. They really weren't happy with the prospect of an east/west merger. They were very afraid that there were a lot of Nazis in East Germany and West Germany who would get together if the two merged, and it would be a scary thing. They were really

concerned about that. Did you guys get that?

Demon Richard: A little bit.

Demon George: It's weird, because I think a lot of the West Germans think that they are superior to the East Germans because of their industrial developments. But I've talked to a lot of East Germans and they have something very special in terms of a personal pride that may be a vacuum in the West; and maybe, hopefully, they will learn something from the East and vice versa.

On Ornette Coleman.

Demon Stich: He still makes very little money. I read in an article a few years ago where he says that he is still a

struggle paying the rent. It's true. Most of the great innovators weren't accepted when they first came on the scene. Eventually the cream comes to the top; they can't be denied.

On George's influences.

Demon George: If people ask me what kind of bass players I listen too, I guess I've listened to a little bit of everyone. I've tried not to listen to too much of anyone. Not because I don't want to learn from them, but it's more like that I didn't want to graft too much of their stuff that they have discovered onto my stuff. Maybe that is unusual, but I've always thought that if I'm ever going to sound like myself maybe I should not listen too much to anyone else. What I get into more now is what kind of state of mind do I have to be in to find ideas. My influences are really mental things and not just musical.

Demon Stich: They've reached international status. I think. They've done a world tour. I think they went to Canada as well.

Demon George: I heard some great stuff when I was in Hungary. I know that there are some great Polish bands and other East block nations have some amazing musi-

Demon Stich: Yeah, a lot of our important influences are outside of music. The other arts, politics. These guys are really into politics. You have to be. As an artist you have to

be aware of everything.

Demon Richard: I think George and Stich make good points. I think we are at a point in our careers where we are happy with the basics of how we sound as musicians and we are comfortable enough that we have something original to say. We are still trying to develop, but the basic sound of how we are is formulated and now it is time to grow on it. I agree with George that I always try to listen to a variety of players because I've always had a fear that if I listen to anyone too much, well, I don't want to sound too much like anyone. But I want to get as many influences as I can, that I can combine to arrive at something of my own.

As mentioned in the interview, many people complain that most great jazz artists are dead and that jazz is an old person's music. Well, these guys are changing that perception. They are making jazz fun again, like it supposedly was in the '50s. Not only are they fun to listen to, but they also have developed into one of the best live bands in Canada.

For those of you who

missed them, they will be back again. In the meantime, all three of the Demons' releases, "Streetniks," "Bop or Rap," and "What Do You Want," are available in Vancouver. So, for those who say you don't like jazz because it is not alive, danceable or fun, you'll have to think of some new excuses.

var. With Antje!

TOP OF THE BOPS 6:00-7:00PM
Tina Turner, Ronnie Self, and The Phantoms all let you... Marc Coulevin brings R'n'R to its roots.

OUT FOR KICKS! 7:00-9:00PM
Wild beat protest youth with Pat and Lisa

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HILL 9:00-11:00PM
Local music played by Adam, Ed, Jane and Andy from 9 to 10, live broadcasts from 10 to 11.

2nd Fed. Antiques 9th May
18th Toxic Jimmy and Jody Elvis Cranston celebrate the death of Elvis

30th Deadhead Cool

SOUND OF REALITY 11:00PM-1:00AM
Experimental Radio, with Violent Facturing, environmental sounds, found noises, information/propaganda and the world's ethnic and experimental musics from the auditory fringe. Live! Contributions welcome. Producers: Anthony Roberts

MEGABLAST 1:00-4:00AM
Compact discs and concepts on outspace, band specials, turntable feedback, cartoon courtesy uncle miffy, stagnating creativity, welcome to the radio where the ghetto boys are considered artists.

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
See Monday for details.

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM
Join host Ken MacIntyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen backlot of live film with news, review, interview and soundtracks.

THE VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM
Great live & your guide through these two hours of music and fun. Tons of new tunes. And disco too

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
See Monday for details.

ITS NOT EASY BEING GREEN 1:15-2:30PM
The greatest of the CTR DJ crop try to germinate and take root on the air. If you are interested in CTR programming opportunities, call the Program Director at 228-3017.

ASSUALTE VALUE OF NOISE PART ONE 2:30-3:30 AND PART TWO 3:30-4:30PM
Found sounds, tape loops, compositions of organised and unorganised noise, review, elections, cover, sound collage: 100% Canadian industrialism.

HARDWARE THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM
A dumb stupid half hour of music/satire of an assassination cabol theories.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-6:30PM
See Monday for details.

AND NOW THIS... 6:00-6:30PM
And this... And this... And this...

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM
Excerpts from Dave Emory's Radio Free America Series.

HOME VIDEO INTERNATIONAL! 6:45-9:00PM
Radio adaptations of movies. Taping the program is strictly prohibited.

HOMEBASE 9:00PM-12:30AM
Turn your home into your very own club. Get out your fanned pants, put on your dancing shoes and prepare yourself for a 3 1/2 hours of home, new and old little disco and rap thrown in to liven things up. Dope jams and fresh beats for a groovy evening with DJ Noob on the wheels of steel.

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM
Steve Edge hosts Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/roots/roque folk music radio show. Now in its sixth year on CTR! Roots music from Ireland, the UK, and other relatives, studio guests, and the World Cup football report at 11:30.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:05-12:15PM
News, sports, weather and an affirmative amount of more.

POWERCHORD 12:15-1:00PM
Vancouver's only true metal show with the underground speed to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, interviews, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the demo.

IN EFFECT 1:00-6:00PM
The hip Hop Beat brought to you by DJ's Smoothie, B2 Jam and Chubb.

THE SATURDAY MAG 5:00-6:30PM
Join host Richard Vilas... See Monday

for details.

THE YAP GAP 6:30-6:40PM
Hear figures in the Arts world talk about their work, other people's work and anything else that occurs to them. Hosted by Antje Rowdera.

THE NEW AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-10:00PM
World of Africa Dance Party

We welcome each other home
We the children of Africa
and
We welcome you

All you of the other heritages
Of our beautiful world
In peace, harmony and oneness
To our house party
Welcome.

WOLVES
CTR provides free airtime for Community Access by groups and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director.

WOLVES
CTR wants you to become involved with your friendly UBC Radio Station which broadcasts of 1800 watts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound! Wheelie Programming, producing, editing, writing, engineering, operating, announcing, hosting, etc. etc. Come by the studio in normal business hours. Or phone us.

WOLVES
ARTS... ANTJE RAUWERDA
DEMOS/CASSETTES... DALE SAWYER
MUSIC... LINDA SCHOLTEN

WOLVES
NEWS... LLOYD ULANA, RANDY WATA
PRESIDENT... ROBYN WATA
PRODUCTION... MIKE LYSEN
PROGRAMMING... RANDY WATA
STATION MANAGER... LINDA SCHOLTEN

WOLVES
THE PICASSO SET
MC TERROR T
THE MINT 100
HOLLOWHEADS
PAULA REMPEL
PARKLING THRUSHES
FURNACEFACE
CHRIS HOUSTON
MARY
PRISONSHAKE
SMUGGLERS
AND THE SECULAR
EARTHLING
HEADSTARTI
DEATH SENTENCE
JACK FEELS FINE
A CARA RUSA
LIKE RAIN
TOXIC AMMY
SHUFFLE DEMONS
THE WORST
TANKHOG
NO FUN
RATTLED ROOSTERS
ANTONIO MARIANOLO
DEAN COTTRILL
SECT
BACTERIA
THE LAST WILD SONS
BIG AS LIFE
JEAN BRISSON
SAD HAPPY
CHIEFS OF BELIEF
DIRT
EUGENE RIPPER & THE NORTH
MC TERROR T
LOVE CAMP 7
HOWE SOUND
THE MAGNIFERS
NINTH CONFIGURATION
GROUP 45
JIMMY ROY'S 5 STAR...
THE MINT 100
JOKKA
LAST RAP PRODUCTIONS
LIST OF MRS. ARSON
THE LOGIC CONSPIRACY
MARILIA
PORK QUEEN
NOVALTON
MEMORY DAY
NATURAL ELEMENTS
ODE TO CLAUDE
PLANET OF SPIEDS
PUBONG
VIDEO BAR-B-QUE
RHYTHM ACTIVISM
SUCTION
TREMBLING MMISIES
WATCH CHILDREN
BERRY HANNAH
WOODY AND THE TEMPERERS
Y.O.Y.
UNEVEN STEPS
PLANET OF SPIEDS
TOUCH AND GO'S

TRAFIC... TOMMY PALLEY
VICE PRESIDENT... BARBARA ELGOOD
VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR... BILL BAKER

TRAFIC... CTR
BUSINESS LINE... 604/228-3017
DJ LINE... 604/228-2487 (228-CTR)
NEWS LINE... 604/222-2487 (222-CTR)
FAX LINE... 604/228-4093

STAND IN LINE... ROOM 233, SECOND FLOOR OF THE STUDENT UNION BUILDING, 6138 SUB BOULEVARD, UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, VANCOUVER, BC, CANADA V6T 2A6

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR presents the first annual rap contest to be held on August 31 and September 1 in the SUB Ballroom here on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
That local band competition is back. CTR is in the process of organizing Shindig 90, the live band competition to be held this fall at the Railway Club 879 Dunsmuir. Bands interested in entering Shindig 90 should submit a cassette to the Shindig Coordinator complete with bio and phone numbers. For more information, call CTR at 228-3017.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

TRAFIC... CTR
CTR is also in the midst of organizing the third annual 1970s Week. It takes place on the campus of the University of British Columbia in the third week of November. It is a week long extravaganza of fun and rivalry for your ears, your eyes and your nose. Bands and artists interested in participating during this week are encouraged to talk to Headbutter at CTR 117. Also CTR invites artists to participate during Club Days September 19-21.

ciTR
fm
101.9
PRESENTS
DEADBEAT
CHAPTER ONE

CITR'S RAP COMPETITION
AUGUST 31, SEPTEMBER 01
SUB: BALLROOM UBC
PRIZES TO BE WON
REGISTER NOW
(OR GET MORE INFORMATION)
CALL CITR RADIO
(10 AM - 4 PM WEEKDAYS)
228 - 3017

WIT
SPECIAL GUESTS
FIRST PRIZE
STUDIO TIME
COURTESY OF
Profile Studios

PROFESSIONAL QUALITY DEMOS
FULLY EQUIPPED 8 TRACK
\$12/hr INCLUDES ENGINEER
DEADBEAT
STUDIOS
(604) 687-5803

JUNKFLESHTM IN: SO MUCH BOREDOM, WE ARE FARTING ENNUI ...

BRUCE THING 90

LAST TIME: JUNKFLESH GOT P.O.'D AND DECIDED TO HEAD OUT ON SOME SORTA RAMPAGE... OPHELIA WAS RELUCTANT, AND I GOT NEW PENS... THIS TIME: OPHELIA TELLS HER (IT?) OFF, NOT THAT ANYONE REALLY CARES, THERE'S STILL NO SENSELESS SEX, BUT THERE IS SENSELESS VIOLENCE, AND I JUST WROTE THIS TO FILL SPACE, & THAT PRETTY MUCH SUMS UP THE COMIC. HELLO

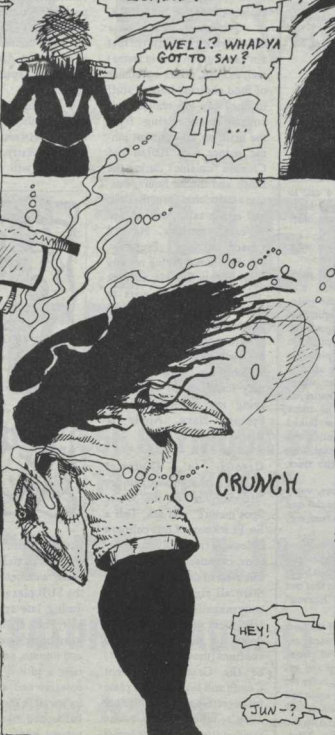


WITHOUT ME, YOU'D FALL APART.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT IT'S LIKE, HANGING AROUND A WOULD-BE ZOMBIE?

WELL? WHADYA GOT TO SAY?

OH...



that week was not Friday night, but Friday morning. I had been up late, till 11:30, practicing what I could remember from the rehearsal, and at work on Friday morning I dozed off in front of my terminal. Vividly, I remember waking up, my supervisor tapping my shoulder and my video screen full of requests for tapes to be mounted. I rushed to the tape library, trying to remember half a dozen tape IDs, but all I could think about was losing my job. How will I tell my parents? How will I look on a resume? But my boss didn't say anything; no reprimands, no questions, not even a joke at my expense. It was as if the incident never happened.

That night I arrived at the Englewood Beehive at 6:30, sporting a Central American looking beret. I bought it specifically for the gig. The band seemed deserted, but as I walked into the main hall, a voice called out from behind me, "Who the hell are you?" It was the doorman. "You tryin' to crash," he growled.

"No, I'm in the band."
"Bullshit. You're no Fury Head."

"No," I said quickly, "I mean the umm, warm up band. The Misses Takes, err, Mistakes. We play first. I'm the bassist, Mat Hat." I offered him my hand.
"Bullshit. You don't play in no band."

I waited outside for two hours until Stiv and MT arrived. By 10:30 Chris still hadn't shown, though this didn't seem to bother Stiv very much. I was in my mumble cone, as he and MT went for more beer, "Damn lead screamer. Never around for set up. Never around for sound check." I was pacing by the stage when a tall sickly-looking guy brushed by me. He mumbled the risers. The stage lights on his unkempt hair made a glowing ring around his head. I stood and watched him, fearful for our equipment. Should I rush forward and force him off the front of the stage? Do I, in low but firm tones, talk to him, convince him to leave? The guy went to a microphone. "One day Christ and his disciples were out walking when a man possessed by demons fell upon them."

Somebody grabbed my arm. It was Stiv. "Let's go," he said. So we, Stiv, MT and I, got on stage with this guy still ranting at the audience. "Christ asked the man his name and the demons answered 'Legion, for we are many.' He looked around himself, at the band and then he looked at the 360 degree shuffle. 'Those who have ears to hear, let them hear.' MT started to hammer her kit with more energy than I thought possible from anyone. Her arms flailed between two toms and a cymbal, then her head settled down at she worked in the kick drum at her feet. Stiv began power chording a song which I vaguely remembered from the practice. He had called it 'No Death,' but the guy at the mike screamed the words and I could not understand any of it; I was too busy trying to decide if the song

was in C or A, whether the chorus was in G or E flat. I don't think it made much difference; I could not hear myself.

Following 'No Death' the crazy man, microphone in hand, came to my corner of the stage. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Matthew Hat, er, Mat." I was a little nervous and I offered him my hand.
"Enter my kingdom, Hater Mat!" he said. He tossed my beret into the crowd and placed his hands on my head.

The show went on. Between songs the skateboard punks threw paper cups, mostly empty. Chris' singing was unintelligible, but he made up for it by speaking between the songs. He would talk about anything that came into his head: sparrows, the law, fishing. As for my playing, I had to guess my way through most of it. I was turned down low enough not to do any damage; Stiv and MT - she was going berserk behind her kit - drowned out any mistakes I made.

Technically, we were not booed off. Stiv had broken three strings and was tuning a new



guitar. Chris was using the break to tell a story about growing wheat. The crowd had been inspired by his ranting and was in a set, but now they were chanting "Fury Heads, Fury Heads, Fury Heads." Chris was trying to explain about young plants withering in drought. He stopped. Turning a full circle he looked around himself. He said something about "Giving us Barbus," then walked off the front of the stage, through the crowd, and out the double doors at the back. While we were hauling our amps I heard Stiv mumble, "Damn lead screamer. Never around for set up. Never around for sound check. Never around for break down."

When I got home Mom and Dad had already gone to bed. I tried to sleep but wound up watching Elvis movie over a couple glasses of milk.

Next morning on the radio, the overnight fatality report ran longer than usual. One young man drowned in the Glenmore Reservoir when his motorcycle went over a guard rail. Another man lost control of his car on 17th Avenue and drove through the false brick front of a funeral chapel. A third died near the skateparks on Blackfoot. The truck he was driving, full of live hogs, flipped near the Ogden turnoff. Another man was found unconscious in the middle of a crosswalk. After backing up the midnight traffic for several blocks, he was rushed to hospital and pronounced dead on arrival. It turned out that this man had been head singer in a local punk band. Both of the city newspaper band photos of him poised

over a microphone - the captions punned on the band's name. One of the papers devoted an editorial to the evils and excesses of punk rock, and in the following weeks there were letters to the editor from concerned parents. I didn't tell mine where I was that Friday; Mom and Dad remained oblivious to the event.

Monday night I finally got through to Stiv. I was greeted by a female voice shouting "He lives! I saw him on the Mall! He lives! He!" This was followed by scuffling noises. Stiv came on the line. "Who is this?" he said.

"Mat." After a long pause I added "Your bassist."

"Oh yeah, guess you heard the news. The cops were here and everything."

"What happened?"
"I dunno. Maybe there was a bubble in his insulin."
"Insulin?"
"Didn't you know?" The female voice could be heard in the background and Stiv paused to yell "Shut up."

"The paper says drugs."
"Aw, all anybody is selling these days is caffeine pills. Listen, I guess the band is kind of on hold till we get a new screamer. What's your number again?"

I gave Stiv my number, but he never phoned me back.

* * *

Stampedes end in mid-July. The oil company employees pack up their western duds. Things return to normal.

A week after the stamped party our floor's summer student receptionist misrouted a call to my office phone. "Who is this?" demanded the voice at the other end.

"Matthew Hat, Software Development," I said.

"Ohh, you're the punk rocker, right?"

I could not place the voice, and it sent my mind spinning. There must have been gossip at the party; word spread upstairs to the Reservoir and Exploration engineers masquerading as cowboys. By Monday the whole company, perhaps the entire oil patch, had heard. The name Matthew Hat was now linked with punk rock - dark rendezvous at the old National Hotel with dirty, greasy people who stuck spikes into their veins.

"I recognize your voice from Sharon's. You're the one who grabbed the guitar from me, right?"

No, I was not staired. Word of my gig with Chris Miss and The Mistakes never left that basement rumpus room; only this one guy, the "Stairway to Heaven" engineer, remembered.

After I got him off the line, the receptionist misrouted another call my way. The phone rang and I picked it up and answered "Matthew Hat, Software Development." It rang again and again, at least twenty times that day. Each time I picked it up and answered the same way, "Matthew Hat, Software Development."

I think it was former CITR president Lane who once, returning to the Discorder offices bearing a platter of Subway fries awash in a sea of ketchup, jokingly suggested, "Hey Viola, you should do a review of UBC food..." Lane, your worst nightmare (and probably that of a whole slew of other readers) is about to come true. Herewith, a compendium of noteworthy - for whatever reason - virtual purveyors on-campus.

Subway - Hey, I spend 40-odd hours a week at UBC in the throes of 9-to-5 slavery; it was inevitable that sooner or later I'd expose myself to the aforementioned fries. Ace! - a heaping plateful for a measly \$.85, no ketchup thanguyurymuch, and, well, yeah, after the umpteenth mouthful, these recently-gelled little critters do look to be a bit much. But hey. Look at it as a character-building exercise in gluttony.

Subway is, of course, a full-service cafeteria (if that ain't a contradiction in terms) and, as such, offers a plethora of food choices. Lots of stuff in the way of chocolate, consciousness-raising from the grill; an intermittent ethnic corner with Italian and Chinese "cuisine" during the lunch and dinner hours; custom sandwiches from the deli; and ample salad, dessert and beverage sections. Have I missed anything? Probably, but they're not giving me any meal tickets for this, so fuck 'em. As this issue goes to press, Subway has just begun to stock the sought-after, but previously-unavailable-in-the-neighborhood, O'Ryan's potato chips in two sizes. BUT they scrupulously avoid carrying my favourite Koala Springs flavoured, Apple & Blackcurrant.

Greens 'n' Gourmet "...Ain't that listed under 'Hamburgers' on the White Spot menu?" you ask. Tell me a lie. Few know of this culinary hideaway (probably, one reason, because of the extreme hokiness of the name), but it's there all right, serve up a truly magnificent buffet while UBC is in session. Mosey on down to the subterranean confines (the basement, idiot) of the Graduate Student Centre and load up your plate for something like a dollar per 100g's. When's the last time you got stoned for that cheap?

and with the kind of food that happens here, it's almost



possible to do just that. 99.9% vegetarian (well, nothing in here has ever been positively identified as meat), sprout-y, pasta-y, oozing-with-nutritional-merit grub. And for dessert, Ponderosa cake. Life is good. (11 AM - 1:45 PM, weekdays September through April)

Mmmm, now, while we're on the topic of the few and far between Great Eats at the university, Tortellini's barbecue will not get away



without mention. This is another seasonal event, taking place weather permitting on the SUB plaza 11 AM - 2 PM during late spring 'n' summer. For 2 1/2 bucks you get a hamburger bun with lettuce and tomato, served up alongside a pile of fairly decent coleslaw and, after the obligatory wait in the grill line-up, a barbecued hunk of cow flesh, topped with process cheese food. Whatever vegetarian inclinations I may harbour go

out the window faced with this meaty treat. There's a hot dog option too, but I haven't explored it yet. Visays "deal."

Lickety-"Split" back inside ye olde SUB, just by the entrance to Subwaydom, is like a massively scaled-down, minimalist rendition of said cafeteria (- Hey look, are we discussing architecture or reviewing restaurants here? Well, neither, but...). Perfect for those on the fly - or so it claims to be. I've never tried it myself; and they now "proudly serve Starbucks Coffee." Ya. Good name anyhow.

Over yonder round the corner from Lickety-Split lurks Sub-Cetera, a kiosk that I only ever utilise in spring, to buy Easter Creme Eggs when the craving strikes. 'Round the next corner is, yes, the dreaded Blue Chip Cookies, evil suppliers of the righteous Duke's. Tres politically incorrect, true; but their Colombian rules. Not only that, but the other day I was pleasantly surprised to hear, no, not the latest U2 single, but the opening track from "Glass Houses" issuing brazenly from the BCC sound system. Blast from Grade Eight, or what? What I wanna know though is, why don't they actually have a cookie with blue chips in it?

Tortellini's; the Pit Pub; The Delly; the rumoured-to-be lethal hospital cafeteria... all these are university eating experiences that still lie ahead of me. However, I'm sure Lane would be happy to bring me reports from the field. Right, Lane?... Lane?

DOUBLE TROUBLE



THE LONDON
Quireboys



6 94 11 94
CASSETTE CD



The National Velvet

4 94 11 94
CASSETTE CD

MEET THEM IN PERSON

at **O&B SOUND**, 556 SEYMOUR ST.
SATURDAY AUG. 11 @ 3:00 P.M.

SEE THEM LIVE

at **86 street** SATURDAY AUG. 11

Presented by **99.3 FOX**

MUSIC BY
CiTR
101.9 FM



THURSDAY NIGHTS ALTERNATIVE MUSIC 8:30 P.M.



UBC
6138 SUB BLVD VANCOUVER

INTRODUCING
BEER WITH A B.C. EDGE

That's because it's not heat-pasteurized like most beers. But cold-filtered for an extraordinary fresh taste. Try one. And grab a taste of B.C.

Pacific



REAL DRAFT

**COLD FILTERED
FOR AN EXTRAORDINARY FRESH TASTE.**